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CURRENT COMMENT.

Lord Robert Cecil, we read, is about to pay a visit to the United States, presumably in behalf of further cementing the union of the two great English-speaking nations—those nations which have a common language, common traditions and a common impulse f'r th' same money, as Mr. Dooley once observed—and all that sort of thing. We are strong for hospitality, and we are willing to do our part towards making the unending procession of visiting Englishry as welcome as mocking-birds; but we do get a little restless sometimes at the rather raw obviousness of their errands. Hang it all, is it not human nature that Americans should once in a while hanker to be loved "for themselves alone," like the rich girl in the old-style melodrama? Let them all come; but we just can't help noticing that these waves of cordiality, these billows, these diluvial irruptions of friendliness are so invariably and confoundedly coincident with something or other that tends to our impoverishment or embarrassment.

Mark Twain once said that a composite photograph of the whole human race would show a man with an ax on his shoulder, proceeding towards a grindstone; and the attitude of our visitors seems to bear this out. Lord Robert Cecil is the champion of the League of Nations, and there is no manner of doubt that he is coming here primarily to promote that enterprise. The point is the obvious one, that Great Britain is in all respects much debilitated; she is not in shape to assert herself against even the Turks, let alone France or any first-class Power. Our readers probably noticed the report the other day—even though it was not heavily featured in the press—that the British war-vessels (purely to facilitate negotiations and make things pleasant all round) sailed away from Smyrna, as the Turks had rather insisted they should. If Great Britain does not make some sort of alliance with us, not necessarily formal, she will have to cast about for other arrangements not so promising; and the best way to get such an alliance with us is by managing us into the League of Nations.

Well, if there is any joining to be done, this paper is all in favour of having the United States join the British Empire. Why not? The Empire, in the first place, is seriously a going concern, and the League of Nations is not. It is big and widespread and has plenty of resources and plenty of prestige. We should do moderately well out of such an arrangement, and the British would do exceedingly well. If it were proposed, we think we could raise a subdued cheer or two. All we ask is that if this country take its place again as a member of the British Empire, it should do so outright, openly and aboveboard, and not go sneaking in through the Empire's alley-door, by joining the League of Nations. There would in either case be some sacrifice of dignity; but in the one case, the sacrifice would be deliberate and free from hypocrisy and buncombe, and everybody would at once know the long and short of it; while in the other case, it would not be attended by these moral compensations.

An excellent estimate of the League of Nations appears in the reply of a Russian official to a representative of the New York *Times,* who had questioned him about the Russian protest on the Lithuanians' seizure of Memel. "As realists we understand very well that neither the League of Nations nor the so-called Allies whose victory over Germany it was founded to perpetuate, has any influence whatsoever in the settlement of the affair. It is plain enough that Lithuania, in grabbing Memel, defied the Allies and their League just as the Poles defied them in grabbing Vilna. And, like the Poles, the Lithuanians 'got away with it,' because the League of Nations can be effective only if its most important constituent members are united—which they obviously are not. . . . The Soviet Government is determined to lose no opportunity of exposing to the world two points: first, the utter futility of opportunist or forced decisions by the 'Allied' League of Nations or the Council of 'Allied' Ambassadors; and second, our fixed resolve that no matter interesting to Russia shall be or can be settled without our participation and approval. Outsiders may think our repeated insistence on these points stupid and monotonous. Nothing is more stupid and monotonous than drops of water falling, falling, falling: but they wear away solid rock—and neither the 'Allies' nor the League of Nations are solid rock."

The London *Outlook,* with a touching simplicity, reveals editorially the story of how the innocent and high-minded Lord Curzon fell among thieves at Lausanne. According to the story, while Lord Curzon was valiantly labouring in the interests of France at the conference, with no thought of any gain for the privileged interests of his own country, M. Poincaré was secretly engaged in assuring the Turks that he would not be greatly concerned if they did not sign the proposed treaty, and in trying to cook up a secret agreement with them on his own behalf. While still conducting these underhand negotiations, the Turkish representatives sought out Lord Curzon, revealed the double-dealing, and offered to throw over the French for the sake of a separate deal with him. To this, as the *Outlook's* story goes, Lord Curzon, with characteristic nobility, replied: "I think you have mistaken me for another delegate. I am an Englishman." The *Outlook* adds: "If that remark be apocryphal, at least it deserves immortality, for it crystallizes in a phrase the eleven

weeks of sordid treachery, in which the one man who played fair alone emerged with clean (if empty) hands."

To a dispassionate outsider all this seems an inordinate amount of heroics over the smouching of a bit of oil-territory. Lord Curzon's formula, however, is a precious one. It was unfortunate that he did not discover it at the time when a king's ransom was being wrung from the starving toilers of India, to pay for the prolonged golden circus that marked his accession as Governor-General. What a lot of ruin and bloodshed would have been saved the world if, when the various secret treaties that made the war inevitable were being concocted, the men then at the head of the British Government had refused to validate them, but had made them public instead, because they "were Englishmen!" How nobly had the ends of peace and justice been served if Mr. Lloyd George, when confronted at Versailles with a treaty dividing the loot of the world among victors pledged to a peace without annexations or indemnities, had waved the foul thing aside, including the Mesopotamian mandate with its Mosulian oil, and proudly declared that in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, he remained an Englishman!

When M. Clemenceau and his colleagues fully took this in, we are sure they would have swooned with astonishment; but eventually Lord Curzon would have been saved a sordid and humiliating experience. "He behaved like a gentleman to the end," laments the *Outlook*; and perhaps such conduct is its own reward. Well, after all, probably this unusual experience will not permanently impair Lord Curzon's robust diplomatic constitution; and we are confident that the affair will teach him to cut out the gentleman stuff in future, and stick to the recognized diplomatic proprieties of lying, cheating, double-dealing, marking the cards, loading the dice, stabbing in the dark, defaming, forging documents, suppressing the truth, welching, filching, poaching, and in general acting the part of a statesman.

Mr. Hughes's demand upon the Chinese Government for an indemnity for the shooting of an American trader in China is a fine example of the sort of thing that imperialists will set their hands to. According to report, the trader in question was attempting to make his way into Mongolia, with a supply of silver which he intended to use in the purchase of merchandise. The governor of the district through which he was passing had forbidden the exportation of precious metals, but the American adventurer attempted, in the company of an American consul, to run the gauntlet, and was shot by a Chinese sentry when he refused to halt at the word of command. As far as we can make out, this American trader was taking exceptional risks in the hope of harvesting exceptional profits. If he had made a good haul, neither we nor our Government would have had any claim upon the winnings; and similarly we feel that the mischance which befell was nobody's business but his own. The Government does not yet ensure its nationals against losses at Monte Carlo; we can see no reason why it should attempt to extract an indemnity when an American undertakes to play a similar game in China, and loses.

The State of Wisconsin has done a good deal of pioneering in political democracy; and while one is inclined to wish that its progressive legislators had concerned themselves a little more with real democracy, which is economic, still it must be admitted that in so far as a political democracy may be enlightened, Wisconsin has shown itself to be an enlightened commonwealth. It is, for instance, one of the few States in the union which have abolished capital punishment; and now a bill has been introduced in the legislature, and has already passed the lower house, providing for the abolition of the State militia. This seems to us an excellent move. Not only will it relieve the taxpayers of Wisconsin of the enormous expense of supporting a military establishment, to be used abroad on occasion by the National Government, for the collection of loans made by Wall Street bankers; it will also dispose of the question which arose during the war, of the Constitutionality of sending National Guard units to fight on foreign soil. When a National Guard does not exist, it certainly can not be sent abroad, either for financial or missionary purposes.

When Mr. Hoover undertakes to talk on the subject of monopoly, we all learn a great deal about Mr. Hoover. Our Secretary of Commerce recently told the House Committee on Appropriations that Americans are being victimized by foreign combines which control, to a greater or less degree, the production and the price of nitrates, rubber, sisal, cocoa, and cocoanut-oil. Mr. Hoover suggests that Congress should finance a general survey of the regions where rubber is produced, or can be produced; the object being to tempt American exploiters to enter this field. At the same time, Mr. Hoover calls attention to the fact that the Chilean, German and British producers of nitrates have formed an international combination which controls the world's output from its London office.

Now it seems to us that Mr. Hoover's recommendation in regard to rubber, and his facts in regard to nitrates, do not go along very well together; for is it not to be expected that any American who secures a monopolist's right to natural resources abroad, will make as good use of his privileged position as the monopolists now in the field have made of theirs? It seems to us, then, that Mr. Hoover plans simply to give a few Americans a share in the foreigner's game of frisking Americans in the mass. This may be a grand and patriotic thing to do, but as far as we are concerned, we had just as soon take our chances with the foreign devils as with any Son of the Revolution who has been trained here at home in the school of Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Gary.

Dean West of Princeton is, in our opinion, pre-eminent among the educators who know how to educate. Commenting on the recent report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, he calls attention to the astonishing fact that the courses of study in our secondary schools have become so heterogeneous that it is no longer possible for the United States Bureau of Education to classify the pupils! Dean West demands "rigorous selection and simplification all the way through to the end of college education," with a view to "fewer studies and more study, less confusion and more trained intelligence"; and like the man of common sense that he is, he declares that all special and vocational education must be placed as a sequel to, and not used as a substitute for, a sound general education. We have the utmost admiration for Dean West, and if dictatorships are not wholly out of date, we nominate him to dictate an educational policy for the schools of this country, as Schleiermacher and von Humboldt did, practically, for the Crown Patronage Schools of Prussia. If he did this, there would be a marked improvement in the intelligence displayed by the next generation.

"The Communist Party of India" is, we assume, an inconsiderable subterranean organization; but apparently it makes up in spirit for what it may lack in numbers. To the

British Labour party it has addressed a strong appeal to block the executions of 172 natives of the United Provinces, convicted in connexion with the riots in the village of Chauri Chaura. The riots were a melancholy outcome of feudal landlordism. After the war had made the world safe, the impoverished tenants of Chauri Chaura found themselves in dire straits, and organized meetings to protest against their unhappy lot. The police fired a murderous volley into a gathering of several thousand natives, and in the subsequent riots twenty-two policemen were killed. Mass trials and the wholesale death-sentences resulted. Events of this character are not unusual as by-products of imperialism. They throw a curious light on some of the recent propaganda emitted by British agents in America. "Since the great trial of Warren Hastings towards the end of the eighteenth century," wrote Mr. Philip Kerr, former secretary to Premier Lloyd George, in a recent issue of an American magazine, "the British government of its dependencies has been benevolent." Quite so.

It appears that the people of Ireland are in a fair way to find out that peace and plenty are not to be had through political self-determination. We note that the customs-barrier which the Free State proposes to set up against Ulster is causing considerable agitation in that part of Ireland. The Wholesalers' and Manufacturers' Association of Belfast considered the proposal at a meeting the other day, and the president remarked that it would cause enormous trouble and anxiety to Ulster merchants. Quite naturally: the two parts of Ireland, the agricultural South and the industrial North, are logically complementary; each is economically dependent upon the other. The proposal made at this meeting of protest, that Ulster should try to develop its own resources in order to avoid importing anything from the Free State, is quite the sort of thing one would expect the Free State's action to inspire.

Thus we are afforded the edifying spectacle of two sections of the same country, naturally dependent upon one another economically, who allow their respective political Governments to play ducks and drakes with their economic interests. It seems to us that political self-determination is a little expensive at such a price. No one will profit by the projected customs-barrier except the politicians of the two sections, and a few privileged industries. The losers are the people of Ireland; and they lose doubly, because in addition to the tariffs which interfere with their industry, they have now to carry the burden of two sets of politicians instead of one.

It is right and proper that M. Poincaré should be disturbed, as the papers say he is, at the prospect of a closer rapprochement between Germany and Russia, but it is hard to see how he can check this natural development by initiating conversations with the Government at Moscow. The alliance between Germany and Russia is a natural one because Germany consumes the things that Russia produces, and produces the things that Russia consumes. The old Franco-Russian alliance cut straight across this relationship, but M. Poincaré can hardly expect that the Soviet Government will have as little regard for economic facts as had Isvolsky and Delcassé. If M. Poincaré and his friends will only destroy German industry, or offer French goods to the Russians on advantageous terms, the alliance will take care of itself, and the diplomats of the proposed mission can save travelling expenses to Moscow.

The report that Signor Mussolini is going in for economy has been, we fear, somewhat exaggerated. It is all very well to lay off a few bureaucrats and to draw the Venetian blinds upon the scene of their official inactivities; but what does it profit the country, if all, and more than all the proceeds of governmental scrimping are expended in new adventures overseas? The Italian Government is already living, so to speak, on the interest of the money it owes, but like other Governments that might be mentioned, it can always find funds for the equipping of a new expedition of conquest. In the present instance, it happens to be a case of re-conquest, for the Arabs of Italian North Africa came out during the war for self-determination, and all that sort of thing, and the Italians are now busily engaged in reinterpreting this doctrine for them. The black shirt is a fine substitute for the black flag, in this land of the pirates, but the Italian people ought to be able to see that the tax-gatherers at home are marching under the same banner.

The report of a new case of suttee in India will send a shiver down many an American spine. In this country, there is not much sympathy with the idea that a widow should destroy herself on her husband's funeral-pyre; and yet it seems to us that the moral equivalent of this practice is pretty generally countenanced, and even cherished and glorified. We may be wrong, but let our readers ask themselves how many promising girls they have known for a while, then lost sight of, and finally rediscovered in a state of wifehood which amounts to intellectual extinction. We are not talking about enforced subordination, for there is far less of that than there used to be. We are thinking rather of the easy, lazy, lackadaisical surrender which submerges in a single association those interesting qualities of independence and individuality which an accomplished *cocotte* may easily preserve to the end of her career.

By a curious coincidence, the news of the discovery in the wilds of Patagonia of a fossilized skull belonging to a man who lived a million years ago, appeared in the press at a time when Mr. Harding was reported to be seeking a new Cabinet piece. While we were musing on the fortunate possibilities in this coincidence our eyes fell upon a dispatch from Washington setting forth the latest performance of the Secretary of Labour, Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis, it appears, does not like some of the opinions erpressed by Miss Isadora Duncan, and he has requested the Attorney-General to discover some means of taking away her citizenship. During her recent series of Terpsichorean appearances in the United States, Miss Duncan gave forth some free criticisms of her native country. Among other things, she declared that Americans were somewhat backward in appreciation of the arts, and she attacked the quality of our bootleg whisky. These opinions are not original, but they apparently roused the ire of Mr. Davis, especially as she supplemented them with words of praise for Soviet Russia, where the educational authorities have looked favourably on her interpretative dancing. Perhaps it would be appropriate to transfer Miss Duncan's citizenship to the old skull of Patagonia, which is doubtless sufficiently fossilized to meet the standards of Messrs. Davis and Daugherty.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either in substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

MUCH ADO.

One of the most remarkable actions of President Harding since his elevation was his emphatic and urgent plea to a Senate about to wind up its affairs and adjourn without date, that it pass, virtually without debate, a resolution making the United States a full participant in the conduct of the so-called Permanent Court of International Justice functioning under the League of Nations. Mr. Harding's sudden enthusiasm for this tribunal is somewhat perplexing. The court has been a fully formed instrument for upwards of two years, and it has been functioning, within the limited bounds which its creators prescribed for it, during the past fourteen months. If Mr. Harding wished the Senate to take action in the matter, there was apparently no reason why he should not have sent in his message at any time during the past year, rather than wait until the Senate had but six more days of life and was certain to put his request aside.

It is possible, of course, that Mr. Harding was merely seeking a talking-point for his coming swing round the half-circle in connexion with his projected visit to Alaska. There has been a great amount of clamour, much of it not altogether sincere or even intelligent, over Mr. Harding's policy of not very watchful waiting in regard to European affairs. Prescient editors and publicists, particularly of the political opposition, have been filling the air with their cries that Mr. Harding must save Europe. Mr. Harding has intimated from time to time that he and his advisors were pondering this matter deeply, and Mr. Hughes has given forth a cryptic whisper here and there of heroic moves in prospect; but meanwhile the salvation of Europe plainly has not been forthcoming. Possibly Mr. Harding conceives of American membership in the Permanent Court as a first step towards bringing about that salvation; or possibly he has hit upon it as an engaging topic of discourse from the rear platform of a Pullman.

The organization of an international court to give judgment in disputes between nations was one of the somewhat grandiose schemes embodied in the covenant of the League of Nations. In February, 1920, the Council of the League authorized a commission to draw up plans for a court. In July, the commission, which appropriately included our own Mr. Elihu Root, made its report, and in December the plan was adopted and the Council and Assembly of the League selected a quota of justices, among them one American, Professor John Bassett Moore. Meanwhile, in the Council of the League, the politicians of the Great Powers had done a bit of whittling and reshaping here and there to make sure that the court would under no circumstances become an embarrassment to imperialist aggression. They inserted a proviso that the court should have no jurisdiction in any case unless both parties to the case agreed to submit it. They put in an amendment to the effect that inasmuch as decisions of the court were not binding on nations not parties to the case, they were not to serve as precedents; or, in the official wording, "the decision of the court has no binding force except between the parties, and in respect of that particular case." Finally they crowned their work with a happy touch by which the interpretation of a sentence passed by the court was eliminated from the classification of questions which the court might hear and determine. It is obvious from this that the exact meaning of the tribunal in any case must be finally determined by the heaviest battalions. In view of these various restrictions and reservations, it is not surprising that since the court was organized in January of last year its business has not been brisk.

As our neighbour the New York *World* has remarked editorially, "The court itself, although organized under the covenant of the League of Nations, is hardly more than a voluntary tribunal. It can not compel Governments to submit their disputes. It can not compel them to abide by the decisions that are handed down. Its writs have no force back of them." Yet the editorial writer hails this peculiarly impotent creation as in some degree an agency for establishing peace in the world. "President Harding's recommendation," he writes, "represents the shortest step forward that could be taken in the way of meeting the nation's moral obligation to help sustain the peace of the world." The editorial columns of other newspapers have been even more emphatic. "The Government," triumphantly exclaims the New York *Times*, "has at last decided to recognize a world-jurisdiction over international disputes and to seek to have this country take a due share in its exercise."

The general idea seems to be that this ineffectual tribunal will in some fashion serve to banish Mars from this devastated earth of ours. After squinting at the court from every angle, we can not see how it can have any more influence in preventing wars than a pious resolution by some local branch of the Y. M. C. A. would have in doing away with diphtheria. Every schoolboy knows that the only way to do away with diphtheria or any other disease is to determine by scientific study the cause of the disease, and from knowledge of the cause to apply the appropriate remedy. In the matter of war our editorial optimists seem to think the remedy may lie in some simple formula which has no regard to the causes of war. There is of course not the least danger that the world-court or any other agency designed by the International of Privilege, popularly called the League of Nations, will ever take any steps to diagnose the causes of war. The imperialists and the profiteers, and their political marionettes who make up the oligarchy of the League, have taken good care that there shall be no such effort to interfere with their business.

A shrewd friend of ours once came upon a group of moralists who were attempting to place the blame for the origin of sin in the Garden of Eden. One said Adam was to blame, another Eve, another the serpent, a fourth God; and they re-enforced their several contentions with stout arguments. Our friend, who is something of a satirist, then contributed his mite to the argument. Plainly, he declared, the apple was to blame; and all present admitted there was considerable merit in his contention. Possibly our politicians could abolish sin in this country by a Constitutional amendment prohibiting the growing of apple-trees. Possibly after our Government has done away with war by joining the world court, this pressing moral reform will be next in line for consideration.

STATELY MANSIONS.

For many months the Chicago *Tribune* gave itself considerable legitimate publicity because of the monumental new home it was planning to build to house its presses, its advertising-personnel and its editorial staff. It promised to erect "the most beautiful and distinctive office building in the world"; and in order to ensure such an edifice it invited competitive plans from the distinguished architects of all countries. In its February issue the *Architectural Record*, with exquisite cruelty, reproduces side by side the design,

by two New York architects, which received the award, and the design of a native of Finland, which received second mention. Along with these reproductions, the *Record* prints, from the pen of Mr. Louis H. Sullivan, certain strictures on the choice of the *Tribune's* representatives, sitting as the Jury of Award, which we think are irrelevant and unduly harsh.

It is true, as Mr. Sullivan makes clear, that from the point of view of the idealist, or of the practical engineer, one does not need more than half an architectural eye to discern that there is no comparison between the two designs. The winning design is a not inappropriate, conventional bit of work; a sort of Woolworth body, topped with a heavy Gothic superstructure whose massive stone buttresses seem more than a little anachronistic and artificial in view of modern methods of steel-construction; just as a soldier in the recent war would have looked odd carrying a halberd and wearing a plumed hat. The Finlander, however, achieved, in terms of to-day's technique and practicality, a poet's dream. Beyond doubt his towering composition would have been one of those rare works of beauty, a beacon-mark of joy and inspiration to any community, to which the eye returns over and over again with increasing delight. That comparison we grant freely.

"Why did the men behind the *Tribune* throw this priceless pearl away?" asks Mr. Sullivan, in his illuminative discussion of the two designs.

> . . . These men made a solemn promise to the world. Why did they renege? Individually and jointly they made a triple promise—as set forth above—as members of the Jury of Award. A design setting forth the most beautiful conception of a lofty office building that has been evolved by the fertile mind of man, was presented to them at the last moment. Were they frightened? Why did they welch? Did it come upon them as a ghost, an apparition—a revelation most unwelcome when everything seemed nicely settled?

In these words we discern implications of some personal equation in the premises, which we think altogether uncalled for and out of place. The explanation of the award, we are sure, is to be found in a study of the matter in almost any issue of the newspaper itself. The Chicago *Tribune* is one of the most notable of American newspapers; that is, as an advertising medium it is rated among the highest. Yet to house the *Tribune* in a mansion symbolical, as the writer in the *Architectural Record* points out, of beauty and freedom, a mansion conceived by a master of ideas instead of by a servant of ideas; this indeed would seem not a little out of place. "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!" cried the poet; but unless one is sure of one's soul the stately mansion may seem as ridiculous as a precious casket of marvellous workmanship designed to hold a synthetic pearl, the fruit of a system of quantity-production.

In the *Tribune's* competition, the irreparable mistake of the Finnish entrant was that he studied the high-sounding literature of the competition, instead of the pages of the *Tribune*. The successful competitors obviously drew their inspiration from the pages of the *Tribune* itself. They realized that the task was to design a home, not for some ephemeral paper idealization, but for a practical newspaper of to-day, run according to the rules of the game in a society certainly not rooted in the ideals of freedom and co-operative effort which form the only authentic soil of democracy. They knew, as no idealistic foreigner could, the task they had to perform.

> Masters of ideas [repeats the writer in the *Architectural Record*], are masters of courage; the free will of adventure is in them. . . . They explore, they test, they seek realities to meet them face to face. . . . They walk erect and fearless in the open, with that certitude which vision brings—while slaves are slaves of choice. They seek shelter in the *shadows* of ideas. . . . The simple world idea, now in process of becoming, in the hearts of man, is the idea of freedom from the domination of feudal ideas. . . . Slowly, day by day, with enormous and gathering momentum, the hearts of the world draw together . . . upwords towards . . . a sane hope and faith in life, a faith in man—an idea which shall banish fear and exalt courage to its seat of power. . . . This is the modern affirmation; man is not born in sin, but in glory.

In the rejected mansion Mr. Sullivan sees the symbol of such aspirations; but surely he can not pretend to see in the Chicago *Tribune* such a symbol. Therefore unless the *Tribune* were born again it would be manifestly improper to house it in such a casket. Under the curcumstances we have no criticism for the proprietors of the *Tribune,* sitting as the Jury of Award. We see no reason why they should have made themselves ridiculous. Were the *Tribune* a symbol of beauty and freedom in the soul of man, instead of an excellent advertising broadsheet, obviously it could afford no stately mansions, under the present order of society. It would be compelled—if that were a hardship—to encompass its spirit in a temple not builded with hands; but in the world of things as they are it would appear a failure.

Yet as every advertising-agent knows, and likewise every realtor and Rotarian from end to end of Main Street, the *Tribune* is a great success, a great property, a notable American newspaper; and in this light the Jury of Award did well. With full propriety they have selected as the home of the *Tribune* just another pretty skyscraper, an edifice not devoid of symbolical meaning. Particularly happy is the symbolism of its ponderous Gothic head-piece with its simulacra of heavy stone supports, wholly useless and somewhat anachronistic in view of the advanced constructive technique of our day, but appropriately reminiscent of mediæval ways and thought, and of the old feudal order.

From such monuments, in the days to come, will the ruthless archæological excavators of a fairer order take the measure of our society and our time, just as to-day, from the gilded baubles and trinkets of fragile, immature kings and their flapper consorts, representing the thin veneer of luxury that was then known as civilization, we can take the measure of that slave-society that flourished three thousand years ago in the Valley of the Kings.

CERTAIN UNALIENABLE RIGHTS.

By a recent decision of the Supreme Court, Hindus are classed with Chinese and Japanese as ineligible for American citizenship, and therefore liable to the disadvantages with which the State of California has seen fit to qualify its hospitality. The legal technicalities of the case are of slight importance compared with the larger issues involved in the decision. It is doubtful whether any human court is competent to solve the enigma of race, but it does not call for abilities beyond the range of common honesty to recognize injustice in laws which place some individuals at the mercy of others in the common struggle for existence.

When the American colonists, those early immigrants, broke away from Great Britain they sought to justify themselves by the broadest appeal to the equality of human rights. The Revolution owed its strength to the ideal of justice which inspired its supporters, just as the weaknesses which developed later

are traceable to a departure from the model, when the injustices condemned by the Declaration of Independence were condoned in the Constitution. Encroachments on the rights of the native Indians brought continual conflict, while the compromise in regard to slavery was paid for in the end by civil war; and it was failure to apply the law of equality during the subsequent industrial development of the country that caused a new cleavage which threatens to end some day in another catastrophe.

The hope of safeguarding human rights by political expedients has gradually dwindled, as one group after another has been enfranchised only to discover the inadequacy of the ballot as an instrument of freedom; and as republics have developed the faults that were once thought to be peculiar to monarchies. It is beginning to be understood that the ability to make a living and get a fair amount of comfort and enjoyment out of life really depends upon economic enfranchisement —equality in the use of the land from which wealth is produced, and freedom to move about and to trade unhampered by artificial political boundaries. Writing in 1795, Jefferson said, "Labour indeed is dear here, but rents are low and, on the whole, a reasonable profit and comfortable subsistence results." The abundance of available land meant comparative prosperity for the workers; but its gradual absorption, and the development of a landless class of wage-earners, ended by reproducing conditions that had long been familiar in Europe, where labour was cheap, rents high and misery general.

In the absence of a true idea of cause and effect there is little hope of improvement, since laws giving special privileges to one class must reduce its victims to a state in which they naturally turn to the legislature for relief. In justifying a plea for legislation to stabilize the price of wheat in the interest of the farmer, Senator Gooding of Idaho urges as precedents laws fixing freight-rates and the wages of railway-workers; the setting of an arbitrary price for silver; and the attempt to extend governmental interference, through the shipping bill, to sea-borne traffic. Senators may not suspect that the dislocations which they are so busy trying to correct are the result of ignoring the law of supply and demand, but one would think that the labourers, who are the chief sufferers from experiments in State socialism, would be more scientific, if not more human, in their criticism.

Unfortunately. however, the spokesmen for labour are as superficial and as harsh as the landlords and industrial magnates whose methods they adopt. In the day's news before us is an account of the arrest, on complaint of labour organizations, of sixty-six foreigners of different nationalities, who were removed from the shops in which they were working, and sent to be examined by the Department of Justice and deported if it is found that they slipped into the country past the Immigration authorities. This item is followed by an account of two Chinese sailors who escaped from their ship by jumping into the icy water and swimming ashore, and are now being hunted like fugitive slaves. These are mere incidents in a campaign against foreigners that involves untold meannesses, shuts the door of asylum on thousands of victims of political persecution, and brands whole races with the mark of inferiority.

One would think that the evil effects of such discriminations upon the dominant race had been made sufficiently plain already, and that it would no longer be thought possible to keep others down without staying down with them, or to preserve justice for ourselves while denying it to others. Race-riots and lynchings are symptoms of a disease that will produce more serious convulsions if it is not checked. Fear of a war with Japan has a solid basis in the consciousness of what must be the result of continued injustice in our treatment of Japanese subjects. If we persist in using our power in this way, and add to the old offences against the Chinese and Japanese, new ones aimed at other Eastern peoples, we may end by creating very formidable antagonisms.

One can not help wishing that some one in whom they have confidence would undertake to convince the workers that their true interest lies in a reversal of the policy of isolation and division; that it would be far more worth while to throw open to free competition all the natural opportunities than it is to squabble for precedence in a limited field. Here in the United States there is more land to be worked than in Colonial days, and the increase in population, instead of reducing the amount of employment, immensely widens its scope. There is not a right that the foreigner can claim as a member of the human family, the granting of which would not confer an equal benefit on the American workingman. The workers of all countries are the customers and servants of one another, and each profits by the prosperity of all the rest.

It may seem a counsel of perfection to expect workers everywhere to acknowledge that all claims to human rights are of equal validity; yet unless they can somehow be brought to perceive that this is so, they are likely to go on wasting an immense amount of energy in injuring one another while their real enemies, the beneficiaries of special laws, continue to enjoy the fruits of monopoly undisturbed.

PLACEBO.

In Philadelphia, not long ago, in what proved to be a futile effort to persuade the City Council to pass a zoning-ordinance, one of the slogans invented by the proponents of this latest cure for urban pip was that of "Zone Your Own Home." The phrase was designed to catch the workingman. It was pointed out to him that under the present theory of city-building where the devil takes the hindmost and the rest look after themselves, some speculator with a wary eye on the flow of human traffic might run up a twelve-story building on some sunny corner, and spoil the money-value of the home. Of course it might be observed that since zoning, as generally practised, is for the benefit of the landowner, the little one should be protected as well as the big. But the prospect of ripe pickings in the central district of Philadelphia, under the old regime of unrestricted speculation, lined up the big real-estate interests solidly against zoning, and the sponsors of the measure were given leave to withdraw.

We were reminded of this by a paragraph in a newspaper that serves one of the old and staid communities not more than forty miles from New York City. It fell our way by accident, and the paragraph ran somewhat thus: "At the meeting of the council last night, authority was voted for the employment of [a certain company] for the purpose of preparing a zoning-plan for the city, the price to be $1600 including all maps, charts, and hearings." We began to see what an English contemporary recently observed, that zoning had caught like wildfire in America. Yet we were hardly prepared to find this town of what are usually styled "fine residences" and "exclusive sections," handing over its affairs to a zoning-corporation in New York. Zoning-prices are falling, it is true, since a good zoner can do his work in a couple of days of

tramping about; but we might add, for the benefit of the cautious, that we have heard of a figure of $1398 for an equivalent job. "Placebo is weaker," as the vernacular of the market has it.

Now, zoning is a device borrowed from Germany; although as a principle it was recognized at least as early as Plato, and by every urban theoretician since. It is based upon the premise that the use of land is something to be determined in the interest of the community and not in the speculative interest of any individual. Thus, in Europe, two or three decades ago, zoning began to be invoked as a measure for ending the helter-skelter method of city-building. Usually, however, it was preceded by a city-plan. Some study was given, not merely to a plan of guaranteeing real-estate values, or of "stabilizing" them, as the zoners put it, but to devising an ideal layout for the city. With such a scheme in hand, zoning might well become a useful adjunct. Without a city-plan, or even with it, unless other vital measures are taken, a zoning-ordinance is no more than a calculation on how to preserve the *status quo* in land-values. Manifestly it must be that, for what else could it be and pass the scrutiny of the land-owning citizens?

But in a town where congestion is beginning, and where unhindered speculation has played hob with exclusiveness, it is not difficult to get the owners of the best land to accept a zoning-ordinance. They will play safe, as soon as the old game of cornering increments begins to get out of hand. Thus valuable land remains valuable, and cheap land remains—what?

Real city-planning, including real zoning, has never been practised in the United States. On varying scales of magnificence we have had certain changes such as the Michigan Avenue improvement in Chicago. But the signboard on that thoroughfare, which proclaims that this piece of city-planning has raised land-values more than a hundred million dollars, or something to that effect, makes clear what is hidden in the woodpile. Certain German, Dutch, and Swedish cities, having learned about these things through their experiments in uncontrolled planning, have ceased giving advance information to speculators, and proceed to acquire in advance the land they wish to plan. They arrange for the increments to go into the city's coffers instead of into somebody's private purse; then they plan. Any other kind of city-planning, or zoning, or any move designed to effect an urban improvement which does not block the appropriation of the land-increments by private owners, is merely tugging at bootstraps. In the United States, millions have been frittered away in costly schemes of city-planning. Additional millions have thus been capitalized into land-values in advance of the first step made towards carrying out the plan.

A great Foundation, for example, is now making a study of New York City. Presently some half-dozen of so-called town-planners will be scurrying about the city's environs; as far east as Bridgeport, as far south as Plainfield, up the Hudson to West Point, and out on Long Island as far as the land goes. These men will be gathering data so that New York may proceed to plan for fifty million inhabitants; and in the farthest confines of the remotest farmlands, land-prices will begin to harden and to mount. Even if such a silly business as planning for a city of fifty millions were actually to succeed, the price of the land will have been advanced to a point where every social gain is defeated in advance. Prices of land will have been inflated to a point where nothing remains to be done except to double and triple the number of people per acre, so that the interest may be sweated out of them. Thus does the United States stagger along in its city-building.

Let it be noted also that in the scheme of the great Foundation, a group of architects has been lugged in to study the possibilities in architectural beautification in the central Manhattan sector of our future New York. We remark with interest that city-planners are given twenty-five thousand dollars in consideration of their eagle-eyes and massive brains, while the architects work for fame only. This may indicate the relative value placed upon architecture, or the gullibility of architects, or the super-cleverness of the city-planners. We are unable to say which, but we are able to say that the mere fact that architects are looking at land for improvement is enough to send the prices soaring. Long before the Foundation's project might materialize, prices will have become freighted to the point of impracticability with the piled-up burden of interest on land-increments.

A few architects see this, and are making their voices heard in protest; but the profession in the main, we fear, is lost in a tangle which is too much for it. Its members lament, as did the architect, Mr. Churchill, in the *New Republic* recently, over the lack of appreciation of their art; and they are still of the opinion that the place to see architecture is not in the ten thousand streets of New York, but at the annual exhibitions of the Architectural League in West 57th Street, where only the pure and refined is shown. If they take joy in reflecting that the zoning-ordinance in New York City is likely to afford a new architectural picturesqueness by reason of the setbacks enforced above the height allowed on the street front, they quite ignore the cost of building, the rising cost of building, the ever-rising cost of building, that defeats their art nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of every thousand.

But the colossal structure of land-increments, paying interest to private pockets, will collapse some day, of its own weight. Then perhaps we shall have some real city-planning and zoning, and an architectural development that will be an exhibition in itself. In the meantime zoning is getting cheaper, much to our regret. The experience gained by dosing a town with this kind of placebo ought to be made as expensive as possible.

MISCELLANY.

I DO not believe that it is ever possible for an alien to acquire a native's use of a language. He may have, strictly speaking, a better use of it than the average native, but it will never be quite the same, and an intelligent native can always "spot" the difference. One sees a capital example of this on the labels which the French Government puts on the bottles of Vichy water that it exports to English-speaking countries. The legend on these labels is couched in superb good English, the very best of English; and yet one would wager any amount of money that no native English-speaking person wrote it, or could write it. Never would it occur to him to express himself in just that way.

IF this be generally true of the classical or literary form of a language, it is absolutely true of the vernacular and of slang. None but a native can manage these; and if an alien tries it, he invariably comes a cropper. I see that a contributor to *Punch* has been trying his hand at our mid-Western vernacular, after the pattern of Mr. Sinclair Lewis. It may be said that Mr. Sinclair Lewis himself does not by any means always hit the mark of the mid-Western vernacular. One could go through his books and point out some very dubious usages—usages

which mark Mr. Sinclair Lewis as an alien observer, in the sense in which I am using the term, as indeed he is. But it is a long walk from Mr. Sinclair Lewis's usages to those of his imitator in *Punch*; though I must add that *Punch's* contributor disarms unfavourable comment by premising that he may have made occasional mistakes. I am not finding fault with him, but cite him merely in support of my general thesis that the vernacular and slang of a people is utterly unmanageable by an alien.

PUNCH'S contributor speaks of having a "right smart pain"; a native would say he had "right smart of pain." He says, "that I might mooch away with thee"; a native would not use "mooch" in the sense of sauntering for pleasure. He uses "cut from under" as an equivalent of "beat it"; and I doubt that this is used anywhere in America. He says, "for I will stunt with thee," and I doubt that "stunt" is ever used as a verb; a native would say, "do stunts with thee." He says, "I've often ripped a swear," which no native would ever dream of saying; and so on. I repeat that I am not trying to hold *Punch* or Mr. Sinclair Lewis up to ridicule, but only calling attention to one of the interesting facts, one perhaps not often thought of, that one finds in the use of language. If I undertook to reproduce the mid-Western vernacular, I would make a great deal worse mess of it than Mr. Sinclair Lewis has done, and nearly as bad a mess, perhaps, as *Punch's* contributor has contrived to make.

MR. WALTER PACH, the artist, spent last summer in Mexico, and he tells me of many interesting experiences that throw light on the Mexican character. Apparently the Mexican is as alert and tireless in the pursuit of beauty as we are in the pursuit of money; and, on the other hand, he is languid and fitful about the pursuit of money. Mr. Pach had a model who would not keep her engagements as long as she had a single penny. Finally, more or less in despair, he tried the expedient of holding out part of her wages, but it did not work. She would not come back, even to collect her arrears, until she had spent every cent she had.

MR. PACH showed me some very beautiful little wooden boxes which, he says, are for sale only in one village in Mexico; and the people who make them do not work except when they need money, so it is only by a stroke of luck or by waiting over considerable lapses of time, that one can get these boxes. Such stories as these make me wish that there were some osmose-process going on among national characteristics, whereby, for instance, the Mexican's devotion to beauty could filter in and dilute our devotion to gainful industry, and our spirit could correspondingly give the Mexican a better roundness and balance. Perhaps the improvements in transportation and communication will bring this about in the course of a century or so. Probably it is now going on unperceived beneath the stormy surface of ruffled nationalism that one sees everywhere, especially in Europe.

THE recrudescent Polish nationalism made the most of its chance the other day, I see, in an unusually elaborate series of ceremonies to celebrate the 450th birthday of the great astronomer Copernicus. Pride in a great genius is natural and commendable, and yet when one thinks of the purely accidental character of "the accident of birth," there seems not much food for nationalism in the birth of Copernicus. If all red-haired people got together to celebrate the birthday of Mr. Jefferson, or all hunchbacks to celebrate the birthday of Alexander Pope, it would be a pleasant thing, and quite honourable, but not without a rather strong flavour of extravagance. One remarks with interest that even the name of Copernicus comes to us not in its Polish original, but only through translation into a universal language. If we saw the name spelled Kopernik, most of us, probably, would have to think twice about it.

JOURNEYMAN.

POETRY.

THE OUTDOOR THEATRE.

In this sweet curving place
The play is always on,
The lights for ever lit;
No *exeunt omnes* can unfashion it
Or bid its mimicry be gone.
The poplars' choral grace
Is here, the grasses' lithe ballet;
While yonder tree
Stands stark as Lear in his bitter age,
Howling upon the wind;
And see!
What flashed across the stage?
Was it a maple leaf that danced away,
Or Rosalind?

SONNET.

Lord, will you not take back such things?
Wide silence from the seas;
From dawn the whispering of soft litanies;
And from the wind the far-off voice that sings?

And that still, carven look the moonlight brings
Take from the trees?
I am no longer glad for gifts like these,
That give no more the old imaginings.

Once on the silence of wide tranquil places
A voice would move and call me by my name,
That calls no more the same.

Then to the music of the singing spaces
I answered—Lo, I come!
Who now am dumb.

THE UNREGRETTING.

Is he indeed provoked to anger with high places,
And jealous of the graven forms we make
With patient hands
For some far beauty's sake?
See how the dust the chiseled dream effaces,
See where on every hill a broken column stands!

Is then our willing not what he has willed,
Or have we borrowed powers he has not lent,
That thus with labours infinite he lets us build
Up from the plain,
Then sees we have not made the thing he meant
And bids us build again?

Perhaps he takes no joy in any ancient thing;
No slow perfection that we strive to hold
To him seems dear;
His perfect leaf falls with his perfect year;
For he is young and will have back the spring;
But we are old.

Perhaps he keeps no bond at all with memory,
Nor owns the strong delusion whence
We still must see
In all created loveliness
The broken promise of its permanence.
For us the shadow of its history
Falls dark on what we dream or do;
He only knows the great forgetfulness
That maketh all things new.

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW.

A NEW CHAPTER IN PHILOLOGY.

THIS paper attempts to present a brief report on some recent and little-known discoveries of momentous promise for the understanding of the Indo-Germanic languages and the remote beginnings of European civilization. There is vast irony and pathos in the thought that these discoveries and this promise come precisely at an hour when the cultural achievements of thousands of years are in such peril of decay or collapse—at an hour when Europe is trembling before the fate that overtook the civilizations of Egypt, Mesopotamia, and the Græco-Roman world.

The old problem had become, during the past twenty-five years or so, mainly through the writings of Fei:t and Hirt, more and more defined in its essential outlines and in the specific nature of the facts necessary for its solution. And now preceding conjecture and theory and previous observation of baffling anomalous phenomena in one or another language of Europe have received scientific confirmation and first acquired a unity of scientific meaning, through such scholars as the Russian, Marr, and the German-Russian, Braun, both sojourners at Leipzig since the great war.

It has long been recognized that the Indo-European invaders found, like the newcomers into Canaan, a world of folk already on the ground: the first evidence is based on the testimony of ancient writers, on the geographical names, still in use, of mountains and rivers and villages and towns, and on the vocabularies of the Indo-European languages themselves, as subjected to critical analysis by comparative philology. Archæology, also, has enormously extended the evidence. We all know now that more or less shortly before the coming of the Indo-Europeans, there existed great cultural centres in Crete, in Asia Minor, in the Peloponnesus, in Italy; and great regions of corporate life, less developed but far beyond primitive savagery, in the Iberian peninsula and in the British Isles. The grandiose idea seems now wellnigh established as fact that these cultures and this life from the Ægean Sea to the far Atlantic, from the Troad to Ultima Thule, were fundamentally one, and used the dialects of one fundamental speech to express the thoughts and desires of the heart and to name the objects made by their hands or seen by their eyes. There was a pre-Indo-European language-group in Europe, analogous to the world of related tongues in Europe to-day.

The various archaic dialects of the Caucasus, isolated for thousands of years in the valleys and among the crags and along foothills and plains north and south between the Black Sea and the Caspian, have now been proved to be differentiations of one speech, with laws of sound-change and correspondences as clearly defined as those in the Indo-European group. The long-baffling language of Iberia, the archaic Basque, isolated at the opposite end of Europe across so many intervening rivers, mountains, and forests, has now been proved to be—this is one of the outstanding certainties—proved to be, by methods of comparative philology first learned in the analysis of the Indo-European languages, of the very bone and blood of the languages of the Caucasus. The Armenian, long reckoned an Indo-European language, is now proved to be, especially in the dialects of the archaic peasantry, in its framework and more primitive vocabulary also of the same group as the languages of the Caucasus, which is less surprising, in view of its geographic proximity.

So much for languages still spoken. But the vast gap between the tideless Caspian and the moon-drawn waters of the Atlantic seems also to have been filled in the old, old days with speakers of the same fundamental tongue, along the Mediterranean and a little northward. It seems demonstrable, by strictly scientific application of Japhetic philology—the languages of the Caucasus have now been named Japhetic languages—that the Pelasgic, non-Indo-European element in the language of the soul of Greece (as for instance, the very word *"psyche,"* "soul") was itself a Japhetic language. The Etruscan—preserved embedded in place-names and in the Latin tongue and in those inscriptions which are now being at last deciphered and their grammar at last tabulated—the Etruscan, long on other grounds associated with the Pelasgian, is in process of being brought into the same linguistic pre-Indo-European family. Note, merely as a reminder, the sound *sk* in Pelasgian, in Etruscan, in Basque, and in the name of a tribe of the Caucasus, the Abaskan. Everything points to the language of the Cretan, Minoan culture having been of the same stock. Indeed, on a priori grounds all this is what one would expect: one fundamental culture, its far-flung life related in languages, rather than a meaningless variety of unrelated centres, autochthonous and utterly disparate. Northward to the east and west the Roman writers tell us of the Ligurians and the Rhætians: of these the evidence is as yet scanty—a few words in Latin, perhaps, and some geographic names—but there is nothing to suggest that they too were not Japhetic in speech.

Now what of the misty, forested, snow-swept plains and frozen rivers north of the Alpine regions? What of that world described in the "Germania"; and what of its people, of whom Tacitus wrote: "I am inclined to believe the Germans an indigenous stock and least mixed with newcomers and foreigners" (*Germanos indigenas crediderim minimeque aliarum gentium adventibus et hospitiis mixtos*)? Perhaps the most important, at least most dramatic and thrilling of the new Japhetic discoveries, is the establishment already of a strong presumption that Tacitus was largely right—that, in other words, the Germanic languages, and in this case the Germanic folk (though language and folk be often enough different concepts, as the English-speaking negroid population of America may well remind us), are at bottom largely not Indo-European, but of the folk- and language-stock of the Caucasus—are, in short, largely Japhetic. As yet there is no evidence from archæology: the positive evidence is linguistic, in vocabulary and morphology; and the negative evidence, so to say, is in the fact that so many long inexplicable phenomena that have so strikingly differentiated the Germanic group from the other Indo-European languages, would find in this view their explanation.

I mention the latter point first. For example—and for example only—the catastrophic break-down of the Indo-European inflexional system, the first and second sound-shifts (say 800 B. C. to 300 A. D.), the development of the weak declensions and of the weak verbs, the substitution of the Indo-European system of free accent by a fixation of accent on the root-syllable: all these phenomena, as we remember the process of the development of Middle English and of the Romance languages out of the fusion of prior, different linguistic stocks, become less anomalous when considered, not as curious tendencies inside one erratic stock of the Indo-European, but as far-reaching influences at work through external impact, destroying the old and creating the new by linguistic compromise. For instance—and for instance only—far and away the most plausible explanation of the first sound-shift—the differentiating phenomenon *par excellence* between Germanic and the

other Indo-European basic languages—is that it resulted from the effort of a non-Indo-European people to adapt its speech to sounds unfamiliar in its precise dialect, a dialect which, though at bottom presumably (on other grounds to be mentioned in a moment) related to the pre-Indo-European south of the Alps, may well have differed from the dialects with which the more innumerous Indo-European invaders of southern Italy came most in contact, where Latin escaped the sound-shift. Yet, incidentally, there is evidence that the Etruscans in pronouncing Latin and Greek made sporadically analogous consonantal changes —as Catmite for Ganymede, Thepri for Tiberius.

The positive evidence from vocabulary and morphology I must instance with equal brevity. Scholars have long noted the anomalously large proportion of words in Germanic without cognates in the other Indo-European languages: the proportion has been estimated as high as thirty per cent and includes such familiar words as berry, house, sheep, hand, and cliff. The proportion has long generally seemed too great to be explained merely as due to loss of the cognates from out the vocabularies of the other Indo-European languages; the desperate attempt to devise cognates has resulted in grotesque etymologies. The conception of them as arbitrary new inventions inside the Germanic is too great a strain on the universal principle of language-development; and the explanation as borrowings from unknown sources is merely a lexical formality and says precisely nothing—except that they were borrowed . . . which turns out to be something after all. For borrowed they seem indeed to have been—and from a Japhetic dialect. Their cognates are now being found every day in the known Japhetic languages. How many will ultimately be found one can not say; but the preserves are large and the hunting will be excellently exciting. I have mentioned the Japhetic suffix *sk*; it is common in Germanic also, but perhaps this belongs to morphology. Our first word "berry" will illustrate the new etymologies: Gothic "basi," before rhotacism (the familiar Germanic change of s into r), is the same as an old Japhetic form, "basi," that lies behind the present word for berry in one of the Japhetic dialects. In Japhetic morphology, we have the presumptive origin of the weak verb-endings, long supposed by ingenious devising to be somehow connected with a primitive form of the verb do. We find in Basque, for instance, that *di, ti,* is the regular suffix for indicating the past tense: *v-deb,* I lay, *v-debdi,* I laid, *b-tarum,* I write, *b-tarumti,* I wrote.

But of course the Germanic languages have too big an Indo-European inheritance to be bodily ejected from that great family. There is not alone the Indo-European seventy per cent of the vocabulary; there is such an organic Indo-European folk-spirit habit as the ablaut, especially well preserved in Greek and in the Germanic strong verb, and to this day in English, when I say "I write" and "I wrote" and "I have written." We must consider the relations thuswise: the proto-Aryan invaders found a relatively strong, large, and resistent population in those quarters, presumably because, so far north and remote, the proto-Aryan bands made a relatively smaller group. Thus the aboriginal speech forced no small portion of itself upon the alien and arrogant gibberish of the newcomers, whereas in the more attractive southlands the invaders were more dominant because they were more numerous. This leads to the natural inference, already noted, that there may be more pre-Indo-Germanic *blood* in the folk of the North, just as there seem to be more pre-Indo-European elements in the *speech* of the North; and what we call the Germanic type would thus turn out to be very considerably a pre-Aryan, a Japhetic type. Here will be new work for the anthropologist.

I can not believe I am so inadequately trained in science and so immature in judgment as to admit I may be deluded by boyish enthusiasm when I assert that philology stands again at the borders of almost as new a world as it did in the days of Bopp and Grimm. Among the larger issues, will be the penetration more and more through the fossil-material in the existing European languages into the pre-Indo-European culture; a differentiation that will establish just what the Indo-European culture itself was; and an increasing penetration into the geographic and ethnic origin of the Indo-European folk—for a folk they must have been in the beginning—as we more definitely delimit the regions from which they were supposed to have come, in defining more certainly the regions from which, as being already occupied by Japhetic stock, they could not have come.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

ABSENTEEISM, KISSED AND CROWNED.

THE life of a peasant in southern Italy and Sicily is meagre. To visit the smaller villages perched high up on the rocky crags above the parched bottom-lands, out of reach of the bandit and the fever-bearing Anopheles, is to step back into a primitive age. The swart, lean tillers of the soil, ragged and barefoot; the women, married at fourteen or fifteen, wan and bent at twenty-five; attest to an elementary life-struggle that is very far removed from Fifth Avenue or the Champs-Elysées.

Up before dawn, the shivering peasant swallows a cup of black, sugarless liquid made from roasted cereals, stuffs a hunk of dry bread and some garlic into his pocket, and is off for a long tramp to the fields. Late at night one hears him and his fellows coming back, singing beneath the stars their rude earth-born songs without melody, as they climb up the mountain paths to their homes.

In Sicily the peasants possess next to nothing. One-sixth of the island, with four million inhabitants, is owned by 173 people; one-third is owned by 787 people, most of whom live in the cities, in Rome, or in Paris. Their property is administered by *gabelloti,* a species of farm-usurers. There is a whole hierarchy of these parasites; so that often the peasant must pay tribute to three or four lessees before he can secure land to till; and unless he is sufficiently servile, he is likely to starve. These *gabelloti* provide him with tools, seed, and the means of living until his crops mature; charging him as high as sixty per cent interest, and maintaining armed rural guards to enforce contracts and prevent him from devouring his seed out of sheer hunger.

I have travelled in Mexico for seventy-five miles through a single hacienda; I have ridden from dawn till dark, while the boundaries of one man's property remained still invisible beyond the horizon; I have seen the results of absenteeism in south-western Spain where the backwash of broken empire and the social decay of the race have left a discouraged and poverty-stricken people whose present diet means slow starvation; but rarely have I seen such terrible conditions as prevail in certain parts of southern Italy. One would have to go to the Orient to find as much filth and debasement.

The world-conflict widened the horizon for the peasants. Yet next to the *piccola borghesia* of the

towns, no class was so sacrificed during the war. The idea spread abroad among the peasants that the war was bringing a new era, that the workers in the fields would be recompensed. In addition to this naïve faith, the peasants have developed since the war a psychology of violence and class-right which had never existed in the insurrectional outbursts of previous decades. This psychology has been intensified by the impossibility of emigrating to the United States. Following the war, the *Cooperative Agricole fra Lavoratori della Terra* and other peasant-leagues, which had wedged toe-holds in certain districts, soon overcame all obstacles and achieved a sure footing. Three leagues—Socialist, Catholic, ex-combatant—enroll practically the entire peasant-population.

Towards the end of 1919, unrest among the peasants had reached such an acute stage that the Government put into force the historic Visocchi decree, which provided for the utilization of idle or poorly cultivated lands by individuals or organizations. But in the Mezzogiorno and Sicily, the idle lands are largely uncultivable until properly improved and irrigated; and the phrase "poorly cultivated" was sufficiently vague to prevent practical application of the measure.

Even earlier in the year, the peasants began occupying the necessary lands. Groups moved *en masse* from the villages and squatted on sections previously marked out. Socialists went with their red flags; Catholics, often led by priests, went with their white banners; ex-soldiers, sometimes led by their former officers, went with the tricolour or black flags. The first group went to establish co-operative colonies; the two latter to establish peasant-proprietors. This movement spread throughout Sicily and lasted about four months. In 1920, during the revolutionary drive of the Socialists, land-seizures again occurred, this time as far north as Turin.

These activities in the South were not directed against the proprietors so much as against the *gabelloti* whose tyranny had become unendurable. The demands of the Sicilian peasants are typically summarized in the four points adopted by the provincial convention held in Trapani, on 8 August, 1920:

1. Abolition of intermediary land-speculators *(gabelloti).*
2. Cession of lands to agrarian co-operatives.
3. Abolition of the system of fixed rentals. (The climate makes crop-returns too uncertain.)
4. Determination of the terms of rental by means of a mixed representative commission.

The land-seizures were temporarily legalized; and the original Visocchi decree was successively modified by the various ministers of agriculture, Micheli, Mauri, Bertini—all members of the Popular party—in an attempt to adjust it to the realities of the situation and clarify the phrase *"mal coltivate."* These decrees, in their final approved form, were presented as a resolution to the Chamber of Deputies in 1922 and adopted. But the Fascist *coup* intervened. Had the law been ratified by the Senate and signed by the King, it would have promoted a general utilization of idle or poorly-cultivated lands without disturbing existing titles. It not only provided for mixed commissions to determine rentals and settle disputes, but also for the *Istituto Nazionale per la Colonizzazione Interna,* with funds of two hundred million lire to be devoted to the promotion of agrarian efficiency and the opening up of farms. This law would have made accessible to the peasants, or other equipped agents, all land-holdings greater than five-hundred acres, or, when less than five kilometres from a commune, greater than two hundred and fifty acres. The Institute was to have the right either of expropriation or temporary control, and could also have imposed agricultural improvements or enforced the use of scientific methods on all "uncultivated or sporadically cultivated lands or those susceptible to noteworthy increase in cultivated products."

Thus the Visocchi decree, its amendments, and the side-tracked law, were meant not only to help the peasants but to offset alarming decreases in the cereal output—still one of the major problems of the Government. The absentee-owners were renting their lands out for pasturage, which offered a more sure return because of the attitude of the peasants and the scarcity of meat in Italy at the time. Thus whole villages were forced into starvation or even obliged to emigrate. This state of affairs was terminated only by the land-seizures and the subsequent decrees.

Fascism did not make itself felt in southern Italy until after the land-seizures of 1920. Over a year ago in the *Freeman,* I told how the Fascisti had broken the Catholic and Socialist co-operative farm-movement of the Po valley and the Adriatic Delta district by a programme of *spezzamento* or land-subdivision. Since then, Fascism has largely absorbed the peasant-leagues of the North, until to-day it is a vigorous back-to-the-soil movement of a far more unruly character than heretofore.

In the south, events took a somewhat different turn. Throughout Italy the Fascisti were at the outset yoked with the proprietors; but whereas in the north the movement outgrew its early connexions and is now in many localities bitterly opposed by the proprietors, in the south the reaction of the peasantry was sharply decisive. After several peasant-leaders had been assassinated in Sicily, the Fascisti were driven out by tactics like their own; and in Puglia in March, 1921, an uprising put an end to all Fascist activities.

But when agrarian Fascism had finally established itself in the Adriatic region—the most progressive farming-district in Italy—as a peasant-movement standing for and achieving land-subdivision, it began once more to spread through the Mezzogiorno and Sicily, for there the cry for the break up of the *latifondi* is far more insistent. At the Fascist convention in Naples just prior to the *coup* of Mussolini, practically every part of southern Italy was represented by peasant-delegates.

To-day, two months later, the peasants have been betrayed. Instead of being supported in their fight for the elimination of the *gabelloti;* instead of receiving some sort of backing in the development of independent loan-associations or a system of rural finance uncontrolled by the administrators of the land; instead of receiving aid in the inauguration of promised irrigation-systems which would make the land half-way cultivable, the new Minister of Agriculture, De Capitani, has, without warning, without adjustment, without provision for the future, wiped off the Visocchi decree and its amendments. Under a free economic regime, he declares, production will be increased. The proprietors (who live in Rome, in Paris, in London) are to be permitted unrestricted liberty.

In other words, the proprietors can again give the *gabelloti* a free hand. They can again rent their property out to sheep-herders in spite of the national need for increased cereal production. They can again delay the introduction of scientific methods, the development of uncultivated lands, or the making of urgent improvements. They can again let their lands lie fallow in order to starve the peasants into submission.

The Visocchi decree looked forward to pressing every available acre under cultivation; towards extensive improvements; towards the economic revival of the most backward and viciously governed part of Italy. Is it any wonder that the people of Sicily are demanding autonomous administration; that Sardinia, where similar conditions prevail, has a flourishing separatist movement? For agrarian conditions such as have existed for so long in the south are doomed. They are doomed by modern research into the possibilities of scientific agriculture; they are doomed by the rise of an organized peasantry; they are doomed by the imperious needs of a nation whose imports, since the war, have been, most of the time, double her exports. The Fascisti have reverted to a system more ugly and certainly no more efficient, than the feudal colonies of half a century ago.

But the peasants may yet have a word to say. The peasant Fascisti of northern Italy recently seized several large estates in order to obtain employment and force idle lands into cultivation. The agrarian Fascisti of Siena are making the same claims upon the proprietors as did the earlier leagues. The last bulletin of the Agrarian Association, a proprietors' publication, complains that at Fontanellato the *"squadristi,* armed with canes, guarded the entrance to the city hall" to prevent a reunion of the Association. The paper calls upon the Association members to "save Fascism from the subversive and reactionary elements"; that "not even the Bolshevik aberration resorted to such measures." Other meetings of the proprietors' organization have been prevented in other localities; and earlier attempts to misapply the ministerial land-decrees in Sicily met with prompt reprisal on the part of the organized peasants.

Land! Always land! That has been the key to Italian prosperity and politics through the ages, since long before the time of the Gracchi and the *legge frumentaria.* From the time of Sulla down through the long line of contentious emperors, the land-question was involved with every programme of expansion. Soldiers flung out against the frontiers invariably developed a great land-hunger, part of their dream of a settled life. The confiscation and break-up of large estates, the improvement of waste and marsh lands, such as those in the Pontine, absorbed the energies of all the more thoughtful rulers. Italy has always been pre-eminently agrarian. She has no petroleum, no cotton, but little iron and coal. Her wealth is in her soil. She can not afford an unscientific, antiquated, absentee-system. The abolition of the post-war land-decrees and a reversion to such a system is indeed an inauspicious beginning for the Fascist founders of an "enlightened, efficient, and modern State."

CARLETON BEALS.

ON DOING GOOD.

I HAD just been thinking what an interesting man Scrooge was, or rather how interesting he might have been. Here was a person with an overplus of initiative vitality, a striking creation. Dickens, of course, was accountable for that, yet this excellent author would not let Scrooge alone. He pursued him and heckled him, and eventually in showing him worse than he was and then better than he was, he made him like anybody. Scrooge died a notable philanthropist and a very ordinary man. The whole procedure was "ideal" and unjust, for in actual life Scrooge was far from stupid and not a philanthropist at all. Dickens thwarted his nature and committed an artistic and a moral crime, which, very possibly, are one.

Now Iago is not made worse than he was, or but very little, and surely not better than he was. He is allowed to live the life that was in him; he is therefore delightful and endures. Scrooge also had a compelling personality, but he is made to congeal into wood and suffers a cold murder. In a very real sense, Scrooge evokes our sympathy; he is caught in the maelstrom of doing good; he stretches out his hands to us for life; he is engulfed and disappears. Why should doing good destroy? I am at a stand, for everybody says that it is a virtue, and what everybody says is not to be scorned. Doing good *is* a virtue; there is no propriety in maintaining that it is not. Yet why should it kill a man? Why should it become a vice? Why should it discover the tarns of sin?

We are in the midst, I can see, of an æsthetic and a theological discussion: art, is, I am told, a form of play; so is religion; so are education, friendship—many things are a form of play. The feature is that play has its rules, actual laws, changeless as the laws of the Medes, immutable as the laws of nature. Play, indeed, as it embraces so much of life, becomes like that golden pastime, life itself; and, if we care to look at it that way, very serious. For it is all a matter of following the rules. Unfortunately we become atrophied and lose our sense of them; indeed, we are really ignorant of them. It was possible, no doubt, to make Scrooge both good and himself, yet not in the carefree way that Dickens pursued. He tipped over the board and would not play; the game had become too exigent.

Now "doing good" is a form of play; inevitably so. Yet what its rules are, I confess at the outset, is to me very dark. It is often, in fact, the most hideous game that I know of. At the same time, I am perfectly aware that if played with spirit and according to its own stern demands, it will put one into a state of mind that is heavenly. Anybody can see that by looking about; there are philanthropic gentlemen, for instance, whose ways are so celestial that their feet scarcely touch the ground. They have a secret, but they do not try to hide it. Yet their words reveal most unsatisfactorily their methods. Naïve they certainly are not; they have been impelled to choose another escape. They have drunk so intelligently of some magic philtre that life is to them strangely reasonable. Now reason is supposed to be a phase, an inhibited phase, to be sure, of thought, yet this is not their reason; it is something different.

Let us take this doing good, this plaything, as a really serious game, and see how we progress. The best way, perhaps, is to make the game "open," that is, to pull off a number of bold and dauntless passes, knowing perfectly well that though the outcome is uncertain, we, at least, with all our poor material, shall have played. There are, as everybody knows, many kinds of men; I think at this moment of two, the intuitive and the reasoning. Now these two are driving towards the same star, nothing short of immortality; when they have achieved that bourn, the difference between them will be imponderable —they will have severally attained the great unity. They will have come to terms and will be perfectly happy in one another's presence. But their journey will be diverse; so diverse, in fact, that they will be constantly at quarrel. Temperamentally they are so different that it is a jeopardy to bring them within hailing distance. And that is odd, two kinds of men with a common destiny who are at great variance; it is odd and human and true.

Man has been called, in contradistinction to the other creatures, a reasoning animal. He is proud of the term and takes great pains to deny it. When the other animals, for instance, follow their imperative instincts, when they behave most like themselves, we are inclined to admire

them and to say, "How human!" When a snake swallows her offspring to release them from danger, or a she-bear fights to the death for hers, we expand in sentiment and amazement. Here, forsooth, is the essential quality of motherly love, that purest of human attributes. How dear to us is the unconscious life, the life of our profound intuitions! What little chance there is to uphold the ways of reason! The working out of an instinct, how enthralling! We contemplate its fire in rapture. Juliet, for instance, that embodiment of instinct, took such a straight path to her destiny! How admirable! how pleased we should be to possess a like single-mindedness! Has the life of reason any property compared with this power? Is it more than mere furbelow, adornment? Our answer is that that is simply another game, but it has such bewildering rules that we are prone to shirk them.

The prophet and the priest, the poet and the philosopher; those citadels, the one of the intuitions, the other of reason, glare at one another. The prophet takes the gallery; he is such an enwrapped person, so impetuous, so little of a child of theory; he plays the game we understand. He speaks of the priest as the destroyer of religion, and that we grant—it is too apparent. But rarely does he tell us that the priest is the preserver of religion; that, a little reflection will persuade us, is also true. There is, no doubt, a priesthood of doing good. Let us hear what a prophet has to say concerning it. "A man's goodness," declares Thoreau, "must not be a partial and transitory act, but a constant superfluity which costs him nothing and of which he is unconscious." This prophet protests that if he knew for a certainty that a man were coming to his house with the conscious design of doing him good, he would run for his life as from that dry and parching wind of the African desert called the simoom. "Doing good," says Thoreau, "is a dead carcass"; if ever he did a man any good, it was something exceptional and insignificant compared with the good which he was constantly doing by being what he was.

Here, it would seem, is the game of the intuitions, of a man's soul, played in its best spirit; the poet's eyes are flashing—he is achieving his immortality. The only way to discover the limits of such exaltation is to bring to bear upon it another, the frenzy of the reasoning mind, or, perhaps, the quiet persuasive virtue of experience. For though the heart may have reasons of its own, reason itself is in bonds to life.

We are dealing, therefore, with two approaches to liberation: the way of the will and the way of the intellect; both are charioteers, the will driving in the sun, the intellect by moonlight. The darker way is the way of knowledge, of lore, of reasoned justice; it is the way which establishes laws, examines the ordering of nature, explores our social projects. Yet these two ways do not encompass all man's urgencies; they are too unimpeded and free; those who travel upon them are the appointed. For to most men there are periods of moonless weeks, and therefore confusion and vagrancy. These voyagers are constantly reminded that the world does not come for the taking: there is suffering, denial; a ceremony of sacrifice, gifts, penance; a ritual of conduct.

Doing good, though a daughter of love, is late born, and lies close to man's practical concerns. It is full of purpose, and therefore should never be allowed to preside over the unreasoned life. Art, for instance, springs from men as she finds them; her idea emerges in full panoply; it can never be remoulded in the making, or if it should be, then it ceases. The children of art play in the sunlight; if they should seek the darker realms, the charioteer will not know them. Doing good will lose her character, and in confusion adopt the traits of her godmother, taboo. Scrooge missed his way; he floundered about in the night.

There is, on the whole, little danger that art and poetry will ever become subject to doing good; they follow other calls. No attempt to materialize them has been of any avail, and thus by those who do not recognize them, they are left alone. Poetry finds a resting place somewhere in the hearts of most men where her great power is unsuspected; she is quite safe there and patient.

But that sister of art, science, who governs the second route—what has doing good to do with her? If we should speak of her in her purity—nothing at all. Those whose minds are kindled to an unswerving pursuit of knowledge have no fellowship with doing good; *their* "service" also comes as it may. For with a notable singleness of purpose and a constancy which they can not fairly analyse or control, they devote their lives to a discovery of certain laws. The discovery or even the tireless research itself is a measure of their devotion—science is long and life is fleeting. Knowledge, as well as art, therefore, bears rich and unexpected gifts in abundance only to those who lose themselves in her labour. Thus, when life sends out her charioteers to some dawn of Assyria, to Egypt, to "unimaginable realms of faerie," they do not know whither they are going, nor indeed is it greatly in question. The best they can do is to handle their whips and keep their horses in the road, for whether they are driving in the sun or by the glimpses of the moon, fervour accompanies them.

Doing good has no part in that commonplace of discussion, the exceptional, the accidental, the catastrophic man, the genius. Her rule is directed entirely to the multitude, the tribal man, the member of the herd. It will be of no advantage to attempt to characterize this latter in terms of greatness; his high priests are of another order. The Fezziwigs, the Rotarians, and all the Cratchets—how good they are, how persuasively villainous Uriah Heep, Squire Grundy. Perhaps we might best call them men of affairs; they are indeed the labourers upon whose backs the genius rides. They guard the wells of the earth, and give the world its plenty. The atmosphere about these wells is dense; only in the upper regions does it become rarified. The tribal men are a reservoir or, better yet, a soil whose rich loam of human nature brings forth at intervals rare flowers; these men are experience.

The man of the herd, with all his tribal instincts, his profound and petty reasons, his conscious life in the office, his healthy insistence upon doing good, I shall not need to describe. An illustration or two will serve the purpose.

After St. Paul had established along the shores of the Mediterranean certain churches, it was brought home to him that the religion he preached was not only a great poem but, like all religions, an adaptation. He had to deal with a Micawber or two, and many Fezziwigs. They could not ascend at all into the rarified atmosphere of genius; they sat in the hearth and saw shadows of things. They discoursed in "tongues," but it was the mere blare of a trumpet and that blare uncertain. "I had rather speak five words," he said, "with my understanding, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." He appealed to them not to be children, and yet, of course, that is just what they were; they held to the idols of the tribe. So these teachers, with a lucid earnestness which is often denied a prophet, spoke to their followers as mothers speak to their children, of little things, of the this and the that, of the disciplines of life; they called upon the ancestral symbols of the race, the ceremonies of sacrifice, penance, the long-established rituals. They had much to say of doing good, which they named "works." For as leaders of the tribe, they recognized that we are for ever under powers that alternately bind and free. A great idea liberates us, to be sure, from a bondage to works; yet this liberation is never attained by ceasing from works.

This same doctrine is insisted upon in other religions; most potently in the symbol of reincarnation. For to very few men is it appointed to spring into the eternal at a bound; to pluck, as it were, wisdom by the roots. There must be ages of discipline, round upon round of living life over again, until the futilities have been clean discarded and the riches remain. Men are miniature Atlases who come into their own in repeated grovelling upon mother Earth; they are bees tumbling in the pollen of life. Then ultimately, after æons of experience, many sacrifices, great penances, having combined their thoughts and actions into unison, they may enter divine Nirvana. Meanwhile, great merit is to be achieved in almsgiving, a wayside ritual of doing good.

There was a notable man once whose youth had been spent in Ur; but whether he had been a labourer there or a prince dancing with the daughters of the Chaldees, we do not know. When we first hear of him he had already grown a beard; he was a regal man of great affairs; he was also a worshipper of God. In his wanderings to find pasture for his flocks, he was in constant puzzlement —how was a man in the stress of wars to know the peace of life eternal? He built altars and listened to voices. One noontime, while he was resting, his eyes fixed towards Salem, the perfect city, he fell into a reverie. From out the misty horizon there approached a king, a priest of righteousness. This priest brought forth symbols, bread and wine; there was a ceremony between these mighty men. Melchizedek praised Abraham for his battles and blessed him, and he blessed the most high God. Before he departed, Abraham gave him tithes, a tenth of all that he possessed. Abraham rose from the day-dream. He understood better now; he had come as a child under discipline; he had entered a region of experience where knowledge wavers and prophecies fail. To this tribal father, life was henceforth a pastime, a symbol, a parable, and his philanthropic gesture was merely a binding to the powers that free.

EDWARD A. THURBER.

ISLANDERS AND OFF-ISLANDERS.

NOTHING tempts me to a deep and bitter misanthropy more sorely than the special and superficial misanthropies of my fellow-men. Whenever I enter a new community and become aware of the small cruelties and petty hatreds that spawn out of differences in race and vocation and caste, I sympathize with Dean Swift's view of mankind as a degenerate species of animal. I become depressed by these scurvy little inhumanities, although almost never do I suffer any direct, personal injury from them. A diffident, rather Chaplinesque friendliness usually gives me the *entrée* to each group of any society and initiates me overnight into the prejudices of all. For a short while I find myself on good terms with every one; but soon enough my amiability is suspected and I find myself being urged to swear allegiance to one group and to repudiate all others. Upon my refusing to do so—on no higher moral grounds than can be found in an innate catholicity of good will—the unwritten sedition law that holds everywhere and anywhere in human society punishes me with ostracism. Exiled in the midst of my fellows, I begin to squint at them, to make too much of their common unkindness. The thwarted good feeling in my heart begins to sour, to ferment and throw off giddy dreams of a better order of human relations in the past or the future. The backbiting that goes on about me fills me with anger and disgust. This paroxysm fortunately is short-lived, and breaks up in an effervescence of forgiving laughter at myself and the rest of the race. When I am on the point of running away or cutting my throat, the Comic Spirit swoops down upon me and lifts me on its strong wings to an enormous height whence what seemed tragic appears simply grotesque. I look down upon mankind as upon a herd of horses stampeded by a shadow; and see that human egotism is ever shying at its spectre when it looks away from the abundant and gratuitous good things of life that are open to all.

On Uncatena Island, where I spent several months last summer, the interplay of hatred and contempt between Islanders and Off-Islanders, as the summer residents are called by the natives, produced such a resonant discord that I often wondered how the most phlegmatic stock-broker or the most stoical fisherman could endure it. Within the society of the summer folk a cheap discrimination was practised by slightly cultivated gentiles against a group of highly cultivated Jews. One could not help observing, too, the curled lip which an artistic and literary faction turned upon successful merchants and their families, and vice versa: *"Poseurs,* dilettanti, cranks!" or "Parvenus, Philistines, money-grubbers!" Among the natives there existed vestiges of the "old American democracy"; a fisherman was the "social equal" of the bank-cashier if his lineage traced from the first or second boatload of English emigrants to this island; but if his blood contained one drop of Portuguese, let him keep his place in the outskirts of town or on a truck-farm in the environing downs.

Now, I give you my word, I had a respectful and affectionate regard for representatives of all these factions. The Portuguese who drove the ice-wagon, and cleaned the commutator of my Ford one morning because of an exuberant and disinterested friendliness—he refused my tip with a mischievous grin—was my Masonic brother in spontaneous good will. Whenever we met, we had an interchange of smiles and gossip that warmed my heart. The deserter from the Portuguese army, who won a Carnegie medal for rescuing the crew of a six-master in the teeth of a November north-easter, used to banter me about my bad luck at fishing or draw me into horse-play on the edge of the wharf. He saw that I had no guile or reserve with any one who threw down these weapons simultaneously with me. The farm-labourer from the Azores, who rowed me across the bay one evening, after the ferry had stopped running, recognized that I was as eager as himself to exchange compliments and anecdotes. I soon ceased to finger the loose change in my pocket as our skiff bounced over the deep green tide-rip and glided into the malachite shallows of the cove; for we beheld in one another the wistful pride and love of men who hold the shadows of dignity as unreal things, the inward human dignities as priceless and inalienable possessions.

The native Yankees were more alertly on guard against Off-Islander arrogance, but soon found that I was as innocent of this unconfident pride as any of the village idiots. I spent many an hour philosophizing and story-telling with an Uncatena farmer, a descendant from the old English immigration; an unlearned and full-blooded Thoreau, who was always ready to drop his shovel, reins or cross-cut saw, to tell me how he found living such a perennial, sharp delight. His zest for adventure had taken him south and west in his youth; he had seen the States and Mexico as a journeyman carpenter and had returned to his native island, empty-handed, I presume, but with compound interest on his generous inheritance of imagination and good will. He let these qualities function upon every aspect of life but the Portuguese and the "summer folks."

One of these last, a director of one of the great organizations that refine petroleum, who had inherited the mansion of a whale-oil magnate through the intervention of economic fate, used to tell me unostentatiously and

humorously how he managed to keep well and happy under the burden of his vast responsibilities. He had taught himself and his lieutenants to pitch their nerves high but to be able at all times to release this tautness in laughter, in a saving sense of the "relative unimportance o every individual under God Almighty"—by which he meant, no doubt, the law of supply and demand, for he was far from being a religious man. This genial merchant had travelled in every country of Europe, in India, China, Africa and Australia, and was as familiar with the larger cities of the United States as a native fisherman with the soundings of Uncatena Roads. He was witty and kind and tactful in an easy, unassuming way, and tolerant of economic heretics like myself. "If I had lived in Russia under the Tsar I should be a Bolshevik," he told me earnestly. But, at the mention of a Jew he would shrink and cool, and deliver himself in stilted, ready-made phrases of cold animosity towards the whole race.

If only he had known, as it was my privilege to know, his neighbours of this people that was civilized when his ancestors and mine were as uncultivated as the Copper Eskimos, he would have understood that in the Jews one finds an exaggeration of the best as well as the worst qualities of American civilization. I suspect that this business-man had been a trifle outdone in the harsh and sharp practices of mercantile life by Jewish merchants and financiers, and had applied to his sore memories of defeat the convenient, quack poultice of anti-Semitism. At all events, I know that in an exploitation of the finest American qualities every one in this community had been outdone by his Semitic neighbours. I did not need to be jealous of their success, for it had not been achieved at my expense; and they were ready to share their superiority with whoever coveted it. The wife's vast wealth of intelligent sympathy and creative energy was always seeking investment in young artists and thinkers, many of whom had set themselves up in the world on this immaterial capital that she lent without security.

She was the daughter of an Hungarian immigrant who had fled political and religious persecution in the Old World and pioneered the Wisconsin frontier. She had grown up in the Middle West into the very highest type of American womanhood. In youth, her compassion and administrative ability had founded one of the first "settlement houses" in the country, but she had answered as well the demands of the time for a finer discrimination in the concerns of art and had added an æsthetic to her social conscience. At twenty she had been literary editor of a well-known newspaper of the Middle West, and for a number of years had combined "settlement work" with literary criticism. Marriage with a man of talent had focussed her energies in an ideal family life. She had expended her surplus in writing and "social work"; and lately, as her children had come to an age that required less of her as a mother, she had been taking up again the career that marriage had so beautifully interrupted; but she continued to give lavishly to husband and children, and to young and mature artists, the dynamic sympathy that is everywhere so fruitful.

In strong contrast was a native woman whom I met only by the most fortunate chance; a recluse in whom all the wisdom of old New England had achieved a wild, delicate bloom. This woman was a local and modern version of Emily Dickinson—of whom she had never heard—at once a saint and a sibyl and an artist of marked talent. Visiting painters spoke enthusiastically of her work in colours. Her verse, shyly and infrequently appearing in a New England magazine of good tradition, has a fine, personal quality and the full flavour of her native region, and a serenity and mirth that are distilled from genuine and deep religious experience. Her humour and her mysticism flourish in a sanity that made her mere presence a quiet refuge. She was a complete reassurance that the vitality of an older and simpler America has not lowered; that the genius of New England is re-creating itself in out-of-the-way places, while Yankee ingenuity and the Yankee passion for trade, which have developed this wide continent in so few generations, play themselves out in the crescendo din of the great urban centres.

How regrettable it is that such excellent people should regard one another with indifference, suspicion or hatred! With one exception only, each was an Islander and looked upon the rest as Off-Islanders; and, with one exception, insularity bred contempt and a verminous swarm of scurvy little inhumanities. But, as I said at the beginning, as I was about to succumb to a deep and wholesale misanthropy because of my neighbours' special and superficial misanthropies, I suddenly found myself laughing with the New England sibyl over the grotesqueness of inhuman relations. What had seemed tragic appeared simply ridiculous and pathetic beyond words; and I saw, too, that I had been making too much of the great, distorted shadow of my own frail good will, magnifying amiability into magnanimity as grossly and complacently as any other human being his special, tiny prestige.

TOWNSEND HILLS, JUN.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

SIRS: After more than a year and a half spent pretty constantly at Paris, I am bound to say that the drama has developed about as I thought it would. We have had the long period of reaction with its inevitable outcome in the French occupation of the Ruhr, and we are now passing under the White Terror. Ever since it appeared clearly that the only European Governments that had moral ideas were those of Russia and Turkey, the persecution of freedom has gone on apace. It is practically impossible to get an article of a serious character, dealing with the things that are actually happening, into any French or English periodical, although the field for books is fortunately still somewhat open. In France, as in Italy, the Communists, who, whatever one may think of their opinions, are the only people now who know their own minds, are being relentlessly harried by the Government and lied about by the subsidized press. Unless something startlingly unexpected happens, Marcel Cachin will go to prison on Thursday or Friday next, and perquisitions will continue at all hours of day and night, but no attempt will be made to check the open and blatant monarchist propaganda of Léon Daudet and the *Action Française,* since without the support of Daudet the Poincaré Government would fall at once.

I am compelled to think that the action of France in going into the Ruhr is stupid from the standpoint of policy, since it is improbable that the return in reparations will amount to much in comparison with the cost. The larger consequences to be anticipated, however, are the more serious. The anti-foreigner wave which for some time has been growing in volume in Germany has now suddenly increased, and travel in that country is not going to be a pleasure for some time to come. Incidentally, travel-restrictions in other countries are again multiplying. The old nationalistic spirit has revived very noticeably everywhere during the past two months, and to-day it would be difficult to find any two Governments, save Russia and Turkey, that appear to be much in accord on anything. To-day, while I am writing, the representatives of Germany in all the countries of Eastern Europe, including Russia, are meeting in Berlin to consider how best to safeguard German interests when the next war breaks,

Yet the French, if one may judge from the press and from what is said at public meetings and lectures, or from what one hears casually as one goes about, are satisfied with what their Government is doing, notwithstanding that they feel no special enthusiasm about it. The business and political interests which are behind M. Poincaré are apparently confident of their ability to suppress agitation and revolution and carry to completion their fundamental plan, the destruction of Germany first and England second as Continental Powers. In the meantime, the divorce between economic life and political government is complete; but with no readjustment to take the place of what once obtained, the situation politically is virtually one of anarchy. Perhaps this result is not so bad as might seem, for under existing circumstances there are few Powers with which one would have any desire whatever to be allied.

Viewed from this point, the policy of the United States seems to be about as feeble and fatuous as it well could be. Strength to your arm in exposing the weakness, the ignorance, and the misdeeds of the Harding-Hughes combination! I often wonder if Washington does not know that it is being led about, bitted and bridled, by the British gang, and if all the things that the French say and think about Anglo-American intrigue are not true. To cap the climax, just at the moment when most of the bonds which have bound nations together are being cast off, the United States revives its talk of joining the League of Nations! England, meantime, strong in its equipment of missionary societies which profess their earnest desire to bring the whole world to Christ, is spreading civilization in the most approved fashion, bombing defenceless villages in India from aeroplanes, and now, if apparently authentic report is to be believed, doing the same thing on behalf of the hallowed alliance of religion and oil in Turkey.

One of the saving graces of the situation, so far as France is concerned, is the activity of a small group of writers who refuse to be muzzled, and who insist upon telling in various ways very uncomfortable truths. You have of course seen that Victor Margueritte has just been expelled from the Legion of Honour. The ostensible reason was the alleged immoral character of his book, "La Garçonne," the sales of which have now passed 225,000. The book is undoubtedly offensive to those who are looking only for unsavoury situations and passages, but the real ground of Victor Margueritte's offending is the fact, as Anatole France pointed out in his very noble letter, that the book exposes mercilessly the gross vices of the war-profiteers, the impudent politicians, the social lights, and the whole circle of the elect who just now seem to be in control. This offence is too great to be tolerated just at the moment when the Daudet-Poincaré combination is breaking the Entente and holding a high hand with Germany; so Victor Margueritte is fired. From this point of view "La Garçonne" is the proper successor of several earlier books, especially Paul Reboux's "Les Drapeaux" and Claire Géniaux's "Le Sort le plus Beau," both published within two years, both outspokenly pacifist, and both bitter and merciless in their denunciation of the late war.

It is hardly necessary to refer in this connexion to the consistent attitude of Anatole France and Romain Rolland, for neither of whom is there anything but veritable hatred in official circles in France, but whose condemnation of war and corruption is nevertheless making its way with the people. Unfortunately I do not see every number of the *Freeman,* but I hope you have not failed to take note of this literary movement which ought by all means to be held in honour. I am, etc.,

Paris. W. M.

THE THEATRE.

A PEERLESS "PEER GYNT."

"Peer Gynt" is a dramatic poem of genius and power, in spite of its too frequent obscurity; an obscurity which has puzzled even those who speak the language of the author and are of his race. It has always been a difficult poem to put upon the stage, because it was written for readers, and in performance has to be mercilessly condensed and compressed. But it has always richly repaid the effort. Ibsen could not help writing in terms of the theatre, even when he did not primarily intend to do so. This, the most fantastic and rule-defying work of his seemingly ordered imagination, this almost expressionistic poem of selfishness, this mad encounter with Norseland trolls and lunatics and Button Moulders, this wildly ironic tale which leaps from one continent to another, which introduces its hero as a youth and leaves him an old man, contrives in almost every scene to throw the characters into dramatic groupings, and powerfully to assault the emotions in terms of the theatre. Like the plays of Shakespeare, it yields readily to various methods of presentation, and like the plays of Shakespeare its full greatness escapes any but a great actor.

Almost two decades ago it was acted in English by a great actor, Richard Mansfield. So far as I can discover, it has not been acted here in English since, until the present revival by the Theatre Guild. A generation ago there was nobody in the American theatre with either the courage or the ability to act it, except Mansfield. At present there is nobody with the courage to mount it except the Theatre Guild; and not even the Guild, I think, has been able to find an actor able to play the title part. Mansfield's production was deficient in many ways; but the acting of Peer was not one of them. The Guild's production is fascinating, even thrilling, in many ways; but the acting of Peer is not one of them. Under the guidance of Theodore Komisarjevsky, the Guild's new Russian director who is an ardent modern in his aims and methods, the Guild has staged the play in fourteen scenes, including the Troll King's hall and the mad-house in Cairo; and in the general conception of many of those scenes has achieved a wild gaiety, a fantastic beauty or an imaginative suggestiveness which are in the highest degree praiseworthy. Both the Troll King's hall and the mad-house are grotesqueries which fit the play, which illumine the play, and which realize its theatrical possibilities in a way of which Mr. Mansfield never dreamed. Mansfield had no Simonson to design his settings and arrange his lights, nor did he, himself, as director, have the artistic courage to give free rein to his *macabre* fancy. It is even possible that he did not wish to emphasize anything in a scene but himself. But the production of the Guild falls down in one vital respect. Mr. Joseph Schildkraut, who acts Peer, is not equal to his task.

I might use this opportunity to discuss the whole problem of expressionistic production, were it not that I should probably bore the reader and disclose the fact that I am not entirely sure what expressionistic production is! At any rate, as Mr. Komisarjevsky himself has told us, it is not the method of the Moscow Art Theatre. It is difficult to see how the Moscow Art Theatre could even attempt "Peer Gynt," because its actors are supposed to have experienced the emotions they portray and to give a realistic picture of them. None of the Moscow players has been a troll, so far as I know, or a Button Moulder or even a lunatic. So far as I carried away from the Guild's "Peer

Gynt" a unified impression, it was a dream-impression of *macabre* humour, shot through with irony and to a less degree with a too vague philosophic sympathy. That this is a perfectly fair impression to aim at, can hardly be questioned; but it can not be questioned, also, that there is more to "Peer Gynt" than this, and also that to give even this impression in its possible fullness requires a leading actor who can express *macabre* humour and irony. Such an actor the Guild did not find; perhaps he can not be found on our stage just now. Exactly such an actor was Mansfield.

Mansfield was also something more, as the play is something more. Take, for example, the superb scene of Ase's death, when Peer, seated at the foot of her bed, drives her up to St. Peter's gate. Here Grieg's music is in striking contrast to the spirit of the whole episode. It is solemn death-music. But the scene, theatrically, is the wildest flight of mad fancy, in which Peer gives his imagination full rein. It is a galloping, mounting scene, growing faster and faster in pace, wilder and wilder in fancy, till the audience too are caught up by the contagion of Peer's make-believe, and gallop with him to the gates of cloudland. Then, suddenly, through the excited vision, through the crackling fantasy, stabs the chill realization that Ase is dead—dead, but, after all, borne to St. Peter's portal on the wings of her wild son's imaginings. The marvel of this scene is its tragi-comic irony and its enormous theatrical excitement, when played by an actor with sufficient power and virtuosity. The tremendous effect Mansfield achieved in this scene has lived vividly in my memory for almost twenty years. It seems almost incredible that any actor could let it fall so flat as Mr. Schildkraut does. He plays it at the slow, mournful pace of the death-music throughout, with no increase of speed or power. His fancy never soars. He is never captured by his own imagination, and we are never captured by it. What, in the episode, is so characteristic of the spirit of Peer and of the whole play, as well as what is theatrically stirring, is all lost. Even as expressionism, this seems to me bad. Merely as acting, it is without excuse.

Merely as expressionism, too, it is bad to have a Peer who lacks the bodily swiftness and power, the panther grace, the keen, biting, racing, poetic speech, the deep, defiant laughter, that are called for by this poem. But, expressionism or no, what shall we say of a Peer who brings no deep throb of pity in the scenes with Solveig; who, before the Button Moulder, is not a man faced with the awfulness of death; who does not, in short, find for us in this play the tragic implications and the deep human lesson? I must confess, in the present case, it does not appear that the director sought greatly to express these things. Solveig, surely, was never so slighted in a "Peer Gynt" performance before. But they could with difficulty be expressed, of course, without an actor in the title rôle capable of the whole range of poetic and tragic emotion. Mr. Schildkraut is in almost every respect woefully inadequate. Again, as so often before this season, we are getting our lesson that the scenery, the methods of production, matter far less than the quality of the actors. You can not have a fine "Hamlet" without a fine Hamlet. You can not express "Peer Gynt" richly and fully without a fine actor as Peer.

Still, I would not seem to imply that the Guild's production is an unworthy thing. The mere attempt to stage "Peer Gynt" is alone deserving of a cheer. But so much of the production possesses a curious, bizarre vitality, a strange, disturbing humour, a picturesque beauty, and at least two scenes, those in the Troll King's hall and the mad-house (Mr. Simonson has been viewing the German "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," I feel sure), display such sheer gruesome effectiveness upon the crossed nerves that respond to horror and laughter, that it marks an event in our theatre, despite the weak acting, not only in the leading part, but in many of the others.

Alas! how often in the past have we been forced to say somewhat the same thing about the Theatre Guild's productions. Now and then, as in "Mr. Pim Passes By," or "Back to Methuselah," the Guild has found actors to measure up to the standard set by the play and the production. But more often the actors have not measured up. It is foolish, perhaps, to ask for a Mansfield; such players come but rarely, and generally can not be bound in an ensemble, as part of a resident company. But it is not foolish to ask a public which has been raving over the Moscow Art Theatre, and paying high prices for seats, to show a little common sense and reflect that there is nothing magic about that company. It is merely the result of intelligent direction over a term of years. What the Guild needs is support enough to maintain a permanent company, also, who can be trained to play together, and to develop the peculiar talents each may possess, to fit him for special tasks. Could the Guild have held together the company it used in "Back to Methuselah," it would have had the backbone of a splendid organization. Think of Albert Bruning as the Button Moulder, and A. P. Kaye as the Troll King, for example, although Mr. Digges's Troll King is first-rate. I am not at all sure that George Gaul (who played Adam), would not have made a competent Peer. I am quite sure, at any rate, that it is really of more importance to the Guild to gather and train a skilled company of actors than it is to import a Russian director, however clever, and to experiment with expressionism, however vividly. At the heart even of expressionism lies the actor. I should like myself to see a little less unthinking enthusiasm in New York for foreign companies, and a little more enthusiasm and support for what makes these companies so competent. What makes them competent is the chance to stick together and practise their art in the production of good plays. That chance was given to them by their public at home; a public which was willing to support repertoire. Until we are willing to support repertoire, to let the Guild, for instance, put "Peer Gynt" into its programme year after year until it has trained up an actor to the stature of the title part, our worship of the Moscow Art Theatre company is 99-44/100 sham.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE RÔLE OF PILATE.

SIRS: I enjoy too much Dr. Egan's reviews of historical subjects to take violent issue on that which he introduces into a notice on Bourdaloue in the *Freeman* of 7 February—the alleged complaisance of Jesuit confessors and Catholic ecclesiastics during the seventeenth century to the moral delinquencies of their royal penitents. The subject might seem to be so remote as not to justify taking up much of your valuable space. Yet I am not so sure. The official attitude of Christian Churches and their conspicuous representatives towards current problems of ethics may be an unpleasant, but it is certainly not a dead issue, as any right-thinking student of the late war would recognize. One of the moral problems of the seventeenth century, as Dr. Egan points out, was open and indiscriminate adultery on the part of very Christian and most Catholic princes, just as the foremost ethical problem of the present time is the mixture

of cynicism and hypocrisy on the part of Christian States and their clergy in regard to national violations of the Christian Gospel, such as war, for example. As to the first and more remote of these questions—the toleration of royal vices by royal confessors—Dr. Egan tells us mysteriously that the biographer of Bourdaloue "answers it with the assistance of proper documents, satisfactorily." I do not know what "satisfactorily" means in this connexion, but if it means that the question is answered in the negative, it would be interesting, and by no means conclusive, to see some of those documents. Pascal has shown us that it was the habit of many Jesuits, by no means the more obscure, to devise all sorts of nuances for their penitents by which they were enabled to evade the responsibilities of their religion. In the case of a modern problem like war, the moral failure of all Christian Churches, the Quakers excepted, is still more striking and unashamed. Confronted with this overwhelming test of Christian reality, the Church, in the person of such representative theologians as St. Thomas Aquinas and Vincent of Beauvais, who compiled a catalogue of "just" wars, has always preferred to enact the rôle of Pilate rather than that of John the Baptist.

One more suggestion: "What court-preacher," demands Dr. Egan, "would have dared to hold up the ideals of Christian equality before these masters of men—or rather slaves—Louis XIV and Henry VIII?" Louis XIV, if Dr. Egan wills, but in regard to bluff King Hal, I am afraid that the reviewer has allowed a certain Ultramontaine rancour to overcome his judgment. The answer to his question is, of course, that the English of 1534 were anything but slaves, and also that there was at least one court-preacher who withstood Henry VIII—Hugh Latimer. I am, etc.,

Kent, Connecticut. CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

WITHIN THE LAW.

SIRS: In regard to your article "Evidence in the Case," in the *Freeman* of 24 January, and legal technicalities generally, I cite the following:

A man was indicted for pursuing the business of a private detective without first procuring a licence from "the Secretary of State of Indiana." I got the indictment quashed on the ground that there is no such officer as the "Secretary" of the "State of Indiana." It should have read "Secretary of State of the State of Indiana." In another case before the Supreme Court the appellant asserted that a statute was in violation of a certain article of the Bill of Rights of the State Constitution, which article he set forth in so many words in his brief. It is presumed that judges have some familiarity with the law, especially the State Constitution. However, the appeal was dismissed because appellant failed to state the volume and page of the book in which this article of the Bill of Rights could be found. Again, Jones ordered ten thousand brick from Smith. The brick were delivered, but meantime the market sagged heavily so the purchaser could buy cheaper elsewhere. He counted the brick. There were only nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight. He is not obliged to pay.

Here are three of hundreds of instances in which it seems that justice is sacrificed on the altar of technicalities. It is a mistake, however, to assume that the law can function without resort to technicalities. Technicalities mark the dividing line between what is right and wrong, what is lawful and what is unlawful, what can be done, and what can not.

Treason, for example, can be proved only by the testimony of "two witnesses to the same overt act." This is a technicality, but it is a safeguard of life. Search warrants can issue only when supported by "oath or affirmation and *particularly describing* the place to be searched and the person or things to be seized"—another technicality, but a bulwark against star-chamberism. Burglary consists of "breaking" and "entering," etc. in the "night season," of the dwelling of another. What is the "night season"? When does it cease to be day and become night? What is a "breaking"? If a door was left ajar and the defendant pushed it open has there been a "breaking"? If the defendant thrust a stick with a hook on it through an open window and thus removed property, has there been an "entering"? What is a "dwelling"? Is it a barn, a boat, a tent, an automobile-trailer? All these are technical questions, yet it is difficult to see how we can avoid them. No one has wisdom enough to draft a statute which will cover specifically every possible situation which may arise, and if such a statute could be drawn, it would be so long and involved that few could understand it. . . .

Courts are blamed because one court takes one view, another another, of the same subject. Let me try you out on a question which you can pass upon as well as Judge Taft. A boy is hit by a stone thrown by another and the sight of one eye is completely destroyed. The other eye is not injured. He grows up, and goes to work in a factory. There he suffers another accident and loses the sight of the remaining eye. A dispute arises involving the employer, or workman's compensation, or an accident-insurance policy. The question is: Has he suffered the loss of "one eye" or a "total loss of vision." To hold the latter in effect makes the employer pay for the accident that happened in boyhood. To hold the former seems to give the employee but half a loaf. Forget the "law" and "technicalities" and tell me what essential justice between man and man requires in this case. If you disagree do not blame the courts because they have also disagreed.

Another thing to be borne in mind in order to see the problem in its true aspect is that our race has fought on many bloody fields to make this a government of laws and not of man. Just as soon as a judge begins to cut away from established forms and precedents, he is verging towards the tyrant—a good tyrant, perhaps, but still a tyrant. The bar does not like this kind of judge. Neither do litigants.

I must challenge your statement that it is useless to look to the legal priesthood for reform. I hold no brief for the priesthood, and yet, what reforms are made are the work of lawyers—not journalists, or dentists or lumbermen. The "Code" is the greatest attempt at reform in the legal procedure of recent years. It was the work of lawyers. In every legislature there are lawyers who introduce bills to reform the practice. The lawyer-members nearly always support the bills, which are generally killed, and killed by farmer and merchant-members who do not understand the need for them and think there is a darky in the woodpile. It was Judge Taft of the Supreme Court who recently caused a bill to be drafted to cure many of the evils of Federal appellate procedure, and he personally appeared before a Congressional Committee. The bills to reform legal procedure do not come from laymen.

For the mal-functioning of justice do not blame the "priesthood" entirely. The demos is at fault. Why is it that in personal injury cases the plaintiff always wants a jury? Because juries are proverbially more liberal with other people's money than judges. . . .

The crimes of appellate procedure, its delays, its expenses, are many, yet if you will read the reports you will see case after case in which the court says: "There were errors committed, but on the whole, we are convinced that substantial justice was done, and will therefore not disturb the finding." On the other hand, when a jury "sticks" a landlord, a railway, an insurance company, they reverse the judgment. Sometimes they reverse it two or three times until the plaintiff and his lawyers decide to compromise.

However, as Wendell Phillips said, "Republics exist only on the tenure of being constantly agitated." Therefore bend another arrow to your bow. I am, etc.,

South Bend, Indiana. SAMUEL B. PETTENGILL.

BOOKS.

A NOTE ON FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

ALTHOUGH I am in my forty-fifth year and have published about fifteen books, no one in Germany has yet succeeded in producing even a moderately good review of one of my works. . . . There have been evil and slanderous hints enough about me, and in the papers, both scholarly and unscholarly, the prevailing attitude is one of ungoverned animosity—but how is it that no one feels insulted when I am abused? And all these years no comfort, no drop of human sympathy, not a breath of love.

So Nietzsche wrote to his friend Seydlitz in 1888, a little before he went mad. For more than a decade the complexion of his philosophy, his illnesses and the life which they imposed upon him, and perhaps the fastidiousness of his temper, had withdrawn him from any permanent and immediate friendship. He had long before broken with Wagner, the one man to whom he had given his love; and there was no one of sufficient capacity about him to give him countenance in the campaign which, with open eyes, he was carrying on against the values of two thousand years. He felt more and more alone, living with an idea which the silence of a continent made monstrous; an idea which general discussion or even a little recognition might have modified, humanizing, as a result, and perhaps eventually saving from his final calamity the author as well. The only conceivable end was madness for a man who had held an idea so monstrous to himself, in the centre of universal silence, racked by bodily pain, with an occasional hasty and feverish convalescence, and involved year by year more deeply in a gloom which thickened to the end. Of the fourth book of "Also Sprach Zarathustra," Nietzsche had only twenty copies printed, and of these he could find readers only for seven. So much genius, such an intense consciousness of a mission which he eventually came to regard as the greatest of all time; and yet "no drop of human sympathy," not a word cast into the silence, or only words so thin and few as to make it seem more forlorn: all this Nietzsche, the greatest spirit of his time, had to endure for twenty years. The spectacle is not only pitiable; it is astonishing. The Germany of Nietzsche's generation had not such a galaxy of great writers that one more or fewer would not be noticed. And the prose which he flung into that phlegmatic era was not forbidding, had not the superficially uninviting look which good prose sometimes has; it was, on the contrary, the most seductive prose that had ever been written in German, the most full of enticing grace, of wit, of nuance, of every kind of literary resource. In sheer accomplishment, in the easy achievement of effects never dreamt of in German before, it was a continual *tour de force*. But Germany had no ear for it, and Nietzsche went mad beneath the burden of the unprecedented message which he had to deliver, and which all his literary resources could not make carry to the tiny bounds of the most restricted literary circle of his own land.

In Mr. Lavrin's book,[1] the third of his series on European culture in the last generation, there is, I must confess, very little sense of the tragedy of a great nature. On Ibsen and Dostoievsky he showed both human understanding and intellectual acuteness: on Nietzsche he is a little inhuman, and the spirit of a great man does not transpire through his categories. His analysis is not truly interpretive, as it was in his study of Dostoievsky, but reductive; and he has shown that a tremendous spirit can be reduced to a very uninteresting common denominator. He has organized the chaos of Nietzsche into an ordered star in which the most sanguine will see no signs of dancing; and his analysis, more persistent here than it has been before, is also more lifeless. There are fewer flashes of that psychological vision which delighted us in his former work; and, on the other hand, the hypothesis upon which he "explains" Nietzsche is more mechanically worked out. There are, of course, acute and even illuminating passages, which show that Mr. Lavrin is at home in the atmosphere created by Nietzsche; but his method, perhaps by his too entire confidence in it, produces results far more disappointing than we were entitled to expect; and the crying fault of the book is that, written about a great man, it gives one very little sense of his greatness.

The fault of Mr. Lavrin's attitude, signs of which had begun to appear already in his "Ibsen," is that in showing what his great figures did not attain he ignores in a certain degree what they attained. He deplores that they were this, and forgets that they were that. His books are, accordingly, a record of their failure; but "success and failure" as Nietzsche himself said, "are merely responses"; and if this is true anywhere it is most of all true in literature, where the expression of a sense of failure may be more lasting than a confessed feeling of success. All this is not to deny that there is any value in criticism which, like Mr. Lavrin's, shows for what reason great men have failed to attain their highest realization; on the contrary, one can not imagine any critical task more important than just this. But it needs in an unusual degree a positive attitude, a capacity for recognizing and almost for being surprised at what men, imperfect as they are, have done; and with this quality Mr. Lavrin seems to me not to be sufficiently endowed. He demands of each of his subjects that he should attain a certain state of mind; that he should hold, permanently one would almost think, the synthesis of his antitheses; and that is an impossible condition, life being what it is, a struggle in which victory is succeeded by failure. And this synthesis how are we to know? Mr. Lavrin is satisfied only with the strictest evidence; he must have the word of the author, in his letters or his works. This is asking both too much and too little; for there is no one who has lived in constant reconciliation with himself, and without the bitterness of doubt and disintegration; and, moreover, personal testimony is here the most unreliable thing in the world. One must take a more indirect way to the truth, and in the following passage from Nietzsche, quoted by Mr. Lavrin, there is surely all the evidence one can ask for of an ecstatic state, in which all the faculties are harmonized: "How differently the divine has revealed itself every time to me! . . . So many strange things have passed before me in those timeless moments, which fall into a man's life as if they came from the moon, and in which he no longer knows how old he is or how young he still may be!" In that, and in hundreds of other passages breathing the same spirit, there is surely enough to make us believe that Nietzsche attained his synthesis, if not in perpetuity —and who has ever done so?—then when he could.

Aside from these faults, which, if they mar, by no means destroy the interest or the value of his book, Mr. Lavrin has dealt very illuminatingly with the problem of Nietzsche. In showing the source of Nietzsche's errors in his self-deceptions, Mr. Lavrin has damaged many of the theories which find their most ordered expression in "The Will to Power." We shall probably have to throw away half the more systematic part of Nietzsche's thought. It may be said of him, as Matthew Arnold said of Emerson, that "he was a man of great thoughts, but not a great thinker." What did not come to him in pure intuition was generally unreliable and sometimes absurd. His transvaluation of values; his interpretation of morality in terms of the Will to Power; his particular definition of decadence; these have, in spite of the passion with which he stated them, an appearance a little pedantic. The belief, prevalent for some time in a little circle, and held by Nietzsche himself, that Christianity had

[1] "Nietzsche." Janko Lavrin. London: Collins.

sustained an irreparable reverse, a defeat which would alter the fate of the world for the next two thousand years, in "The Will to Power" and "Also Sprach Zarathustra," is for us now only a curious piece of literary history. The Superman is no longer an ideal, but a character in fiction. All this may be freely admitted. Yet how much poorer our vision of life to-day would be had Nietzsche never written about Christianity, morality and the Superman. He brought a new atmosphere into European thought, an atmosphere cold, glittering and free; and any thinker in our time who has not breathed in it has, by that accident, some nuance of mediocrity and timidity which is displeasing.

It was Nietzsche's fate to be always more true and interesting than his philosophy. However unsound his thesis might be, he uttered truths in supporting it which came clean out of reality, so that he seemed sometimes to hear life itself speaking. This union of something artificial and something true in his nature is what makes him so difficult and so interesting. When he was most unconditional in his thought, he was never quite unconditional in his spirit. For example, he wrote much and greatly on love, and he loved mankind; but his love was never quite what mankind call love, and he loved always with conditions. That being so, he had to stage-manage existence and to create a theatre in which the drama of his love could be played out: that drama of a love which was not to be like any other kind of love; a love not of acceptance, but of distinctions; a love which was to choose its objects, a fastidious love: a love not quite in the grand style, in the style which said itself once for all in the words, "He sends his rain on the just and the unjust." Nietzsche tried to regain the significance of his conception, and to stamp it with the great human manner, by bringing into relief an aspect of love which in his unhappy time was lost: its procreative aspect. But one feels that this was at the same time part of an attempt, unnecessary and petty, to distinguish himself —as if it were worth his while—from the Positivists and the rest of that dismal crew. This need to distinguish himself from people from whom he was already *ipso facto* distinguished, was evidently a fatality from which his fastidious spirit would not exempt him. He was always a little uncritical, except with Schopenhauer and Wagner, in his choice of opponents. He rarely practised his own sagacious counsel, not to oppose oneself directly to one's enemies, but to outshine them with one's light; and he took far too seriously movements which have since sunk into oblivion and would have done so by a natural process had he never raised his pen against them. To fight against a shallow vulgarity of thought which will die in a few years of its own feebleness shows a lack of that sense for permanent and essential things which only a thinker or an artist who has mastered his own chaos can securely hold. It compromised Nietzsche's utterance to the end.

Yet, in spite of the irrelevancies into which he was drawn, he was at the centre of truth in his conception of love as procreation. All the great ideals of love, spiritual and carnal, have been procreative ideals: "By their fruits shall ye know them." But, once more, Nietzsche insinuated into his conception one of those idiosyncracies of his which are so daring and original, the idiosyncracy of a great man; and perverted the simple human validity of an eternal and necessary thing. He sought not merely, as Christ did, to work through love—the love which, whatever journalists may say, is always there, just as its opposite is always there—and by means of it, the great creative principle, to overcome its antagonist, the principle of negation; he did not try to make use of spiritual powers as he found them, accepting the instinctive wisdom of all religious teachers: he sought to create a new kind of love, a kind of love never known before on earth or in heaven, a love to be evoked out of the void or out of a theory of existence held by himself, and so little comprehensible to men that it had to be newly defined and tirelessly distinguished. Nietzsche desired not only that men after his day should feel, and, with Christ, deeply; he desired that they should feel in a certain way, in a way which history and the experience of the human race have not demonstrated to be natural to man. When Christ says "Love one another," one can hardly affirm that everybody understands him; but one can at least say that the less there is of an artificial hypothesis between one and the saying, the more fully one is likely to comprehend it; whereas, when Nietzsche speaks of the "new love," the discovery of which, wrongly perhaps, he regarded as his greatest thought, some sort of intellectual construction is necessary to put us in the attitude in which we can experience it. Nietzsche, the lifelong fighter against rationalism, was himself a dangerous kind of rationalist: having reasoned to a conclusion, he could feel towards it an emotion almost lyrical, and could give it the seductiveness of an intuition. He perceived that procreation was an aspect of love, that it was, indeed, in a certain sense, its end; and seeing this, he felt, as a philosopher, as a creature more rational than he imagined, that this alone was serious and without the stupidity of human feeling; and he was not content merely to say that we know love by its fruits, he said that we must love for the sake of the fruits of love. He tried to constrain love, not holding with his predecessors that love can only be awakened and inspired. He made terms with love.

Affirmer of life as he styled himself, he made terms with life also. This he had to conceal, and from himself first of all; but with what passion, with what desperate intellectual violence he had to rearrange life first in order to affirm it. This necessity was no doubt at the root of his deep affection for Pascal, a man whose beliefs were so antagonistic to his own. Both were men who stood in almost untenable positions, who had to convince themselves, out of some paradoxical, perhaps self-antithetical need, of the truth of certain things in which they could not believe. All their intellectual finesse, all of that subtlety which in them approached cunning, was needed to keep them on the needle-point of their attitude; and their minds, if terribly, almost beautifully, distorted in the process, attained also a marvellous, an abnormal, development. To "affirm" humanity Nietzsche had first to destroy almost all the things in which humanity for twenty centuries had believed: to destroy them, or to "interpret" them. He would not accept Europe until he convinced himself that he could "shape" it; and in his faith that he or his disciples could shape Europe he tumbled down awkwardly, romantically, desperately, out of his fastidious intellectualism. As a shaper of Europe Nietzsche has been less effectual, it is certain, than the late Lord Northcliffe, a man whom he would hardly have approved. The complete loss of his intelligence here, at the bidding of a hope for the appearance of a set of natural aristocrats capable of binding the monster Europe, was the final proof of the desperateness of his faith, and of the impossibilities he had to swallow before he could swallow what was for him the real impossibility, human nature as it is. Yet here, where his delusions reveal him as a man

human-all-too-human, and not above our pity, there shines, from out the thrice-traversed circle of self-deception, a great mind. On the nature of love, of great men and great passions, Nietzsche said things which are imperishable; things which in beauty and truth will never be surpassed.

The unique thing about Nietzsche's self-delusion is that, unlike that of other men, it was never ignoble; it always appeared in some beautiful and exalted shape, and gave to his life an atmosphere almost of inviolateness. He deceived himself, not, as lesser men do, in his own service, but in the service of an ideal which, having seen, he felt, with that unconditional rejection of compromises which was one of his chief qualities, he must live.

He was thoroughly impatient of meanness, of the habit of self-excuse which with the majority of men alone makes their existence endurable; he would not admit the necessity for anything vulgar in his life, and eventually what was not raised to some æsthetic form which satisfied him was, under the pressure of his habit of nobility, securely hidden away. He felt evil obscurely within him; but he could not abide the mean and awry shape with which several centuries of general timidity have endowed evil; and out of a necessity to vindicate himself he invested it with greatness, as another man who would not derogate from his personal integrity, Milton, had done before him; and his newly discovered conviction in his greatness in evil as in good restored to him that unsullied intuition of himself without which he could not live. Yet this intuition, much as it gives us of the true Nietzsche, the most beautiful figure in modern literature, was not absolute intuition; it was also an image, a *Bild*, a veil of deception woven over the real pattern of his being. "My monsters have become singing birds and angels," said Zarathustra; but of Nietzsche it might be said that his monsters were not quite monsters, and that they never quite turned into angels. That being so, he suffered subterraneously and mythically, enduring things which were inexplicable to him, and which, but for his magnanimity in facing life, would have appeared to him unjust; dreaming of a toad which he tried thrice to swallow, and which thrice stuck in his throat, and of a snake which crawled into the open mouth of a young shepherd.

The highly astonishing thing is that, confronted with appearances so horrible, he maintained an attitude of undeviating self-reverence. It was a characteristic of his to treat as something important, and demanding his own respect and that of others, whatever happened to him. In this he was once more like Milton; and this attitude is the infallible sign of that instinctive nobility which in all ages has been rare, and of which in our own age Nietzsche is the solitary example. Tragically deceived as he was in some ways about himself, he could with fitness speak about "heroism without witnesses," for throughout his life it was a virtue which he practised with an extreme simplicity of motive which raised him above the other men of his time.

He has left us some criticism of the first rank; a body of observation on life, religion and morality which will be valid as long as men feel these things and think about them; an exercise in rhythmic prose which must continue to astonish and move, if it does not persuade, men of all habits of thought; and, above all, the spectacle of a passionate tragedy of thought, the like of which the human race will probably never see again.

EDWIN MUIR.

A FEMININE JEAN-CHRISTOPHE.

FOR the youth of those pre-war years, when the doctrine of revolt and individual freedom went hand in hand with that of service to the community, there could not have been a more eloquent spokesman than Romain Rolland, the author of those stirring and lyrical passages in which Jean-Christophe sees his old faiths yield and vanish under his strained and disillusioned scrutiny. Yet in the perspective of these later years, one is a little surprised that so many eminent writers, from Edmund Gosse to George Moore, should have acclaimed this book the great French epic of the century. True it is that the picture it presents of French decadence is extraordinary, the individual portraits ineradicable, and that M. Rolland's Tolstoyan ardour marshals into view with impressive rhetoric whole phalanxes of contrasting cliques and classes. But is he not, after all, carrying forward the tradition of a certain well-known moral and romantic school of French writing; a school well exemplified in the creator of Jean Valjean, and in which Michelet's influence can also be felt; a school never trivial, never ironical, always passionately, profoundly, and, shall we say, somewhat sententiously, in earnest? Certainly Romain Rolland has not that definiteness of artistic purpose, that exquisite intellectual verve, scepticism, and sharp watchful precision that we have come to associate with the greatest and most characteristic French writing. As André Thérive once wrote of him: *"Il est de ceux qui ruineront par l'amour ce que d'autres veulent périr par la haine."*

Now we are introduced to a feminine counterpart of Jean-Christophe. The new volumes will be called "L'Ame Enchantée,"[1] and the first of the series is entitled "Annette et Sylvie." In it the heroine, Annette Rivière, leisured, *"libre et naïve, brulante et reservée,"* is contrasted with her half-sister, Sylvie (an illegitimate daughter of their father), who was only discovered by Annette after his death, a little dressmaker, shrewd, practical and provocative. Just as Olivier Jeannin and Jean-Christophe were used as foils for each other, so Annette and Sylvie define, in their opposition, their differing temperaments and circumstances. Their sudden jealousy which flames to poisonous hate only to dissolve again into the old passionate intimacy initiates us into the hidden springs of Annette's later behaviour. The description of Annette moving for days in a heavy, sensuous trance, trailing the night's "dark ocean of dreams" into the day, and the day's feverish and hidden desires into the night, has a curious and unexpected resemblance to the mood and manner of Mr. D. H. Lawrence.

The real crux of the story comes, however, when Annette, burning with passionate desire for the experiences of love, yet reluctant to abandon her individual liberty, is finally impelled into an engagement with Roger Brissot, a limited, vivacious young socialist, thoroughly snobbish and conventional. When the words, *"Sauver sa liberté est beaucoup plus qu'un droit, c'est un devoir religieux,"* are uttered, we infer that M. Rolland wishes us to understand that Annette represents the advanced feminists of an earlier day, for the present situation takes place a quarter of a century ago. Such a phrase seems singular to us now, especially when we discover that the mild form of freedom demanded by Annette was a freedom of movement and the right to change her mind, while still pledging her complete love and allegiance to her fiancé. To-day, so generally recognized a desire for growth and experience on the part of women would hardly be termed a "religious duty."

At last, alienated by her lover's egoism, Annette breaks the engagement, and Roger, encountering for the first time

[1] "L'Ame Enchantée," Vol. 1: "Annette et Sylvie." Romain Rolland. Paris: Libraire Ollendorf.

in his life a refusal to a desire more imperious than any he has heretofore known, bursts into bewildered tears. Annette, in order to restore his pride, abandons herself to him for the night. His egoism satisfied, his respect and desire for her abate, and she, liberated and instructed in the modern manner, leaves him apparently for ever. But how much of the old note of romantic writing recurs in the last paragraph of this volume where Annette, discovering that she is pregnant, cries out: *"Amour est-ce bien toi? . . . Je te tiens dans mon corps . . . Tu es moi . . . Tu es mon rêve! . . . Je suis cela que j'aime!"*

Annette Rivière, as so lucidly portrayed by M. Rolland, is, indeed, honest, generous, intelligent, and full of potentialities. Yet she remains one of those brooding, elemental women whose intellectual activities are derived directly from their personal attachments. We know that M. Rolland is under the illusion that she typifies the most advanced and enlightened among her sex. He assures us in his own words that she is interested in science, philosophy and literature, although he gives us no proof that such is the case and devotes all his skill to the delineation of her emotional experiences. Why did he not live up to his promise of speaking through his characters rather than for them? Annette and Sylvie are both employed over and over again as manikins on which to fasten those age-old clichés about women from which only scientists, psychologists, and a few cautious philosophers seem able to abstain: those detonating phrases about the "sacredness" of women's instincts; their inability to be fair under stress of feeling (*"Quand la passion est lachée dans une femme, il ne s'agit plus de loyautê; et de bon sens, moins encore"*); the undisputed finality of their intellectual obliqueness; and, finally, those similes which recur with the monotonous regularity of a litany in which Annette and Sylvie are likened to cats!

In spite however, of vague, rhetorical generalizations similar to those which annoyed us in Jean-Christophe, Annette Rivière lives in our mind, solidly, permanently. We do not want to lose track of her, and shall undoubtedly follow her career to the end; but our interest will remain discreet, and entirely lacking in that quality of feverishness which a new novel from the pen of a Dostoievsky or a Hardy would at one time have evoked.

ALYSE GREGORY.

THE MEETING OF MIND AND MATTER.

FASHIONS in science ebb and change, no less than in gowns and governments. Psychology has entered a new phase since the days when introspection was in style. It favours the objective method and advertises an elaborate technique of research and accuracy in order to be able to claim a place among the so-called exact sciences. Indeed the behaviourists have gone so far as to make it their boast and pride that they have eliminated the necessity of private evidence altogether. Not satisfied with discrediting self-analysis, they practically deny the very existence of mental life; at least they prefer to classify its manifestations in terms of stimulus and response.

Mr. Bertrand Russell is plainly impressed by the attempts of the new psychology to be scientific. In his "Analysis of Mind,"[1] however, he points out that, while the psychologists have been growing less subjective, the physicists have been becoming more so. Matter is not turning out to be the substantial and consistent and objective thing that once it seemed. In the physical world we are constantly forced to consider as part of our very data, observations that are in an important sense private. Even the principle of relativity comes back to human observation as its final point of reference, from which all measurements are made. The tendency of the so-called objective and subjective sciences to approach one another suggests to Mr. Russell the happy possibility that their subject-matter may, after all, not be so deeply divided. Can he find in their common ground some answer to the riddle of matter and mind? Possibly, he suggests, they may both be aspects of a more fundamental "neutral stuff," the study of whose laws will constitute the metaphysics of the future.

The method by means of which Mr. Russell seeks to reconcile mind and matter is ingenious, even though his conclusions from the fact that they *can* meet are over large. If we drop our inferences, he contends, and stick to what we actually observe, it should be clear that we do not see or feel or touch objects at all. Our senses receive a number of impressions, say of a table, accordingly as we view it from different angles and at different times. These impressions constitute our authentic data of knowledge. If we choose to group them and call the group a table, that is only an inference, a mere construction of our minds and somehow less authentic. "A piece of matter, as it is known empirically, is not a single thing, but a system of existing things. When several people simultaneously see the same table, they all see something different, therefore 'the' table which they are all supposed to see must be either a hypothesis or a construction." All that we are sensible of directly is a multitude of appearances, or "particulars," all different, each capable of being recorded by any cerebro-neural system or photographic plate, happening to be at the right place at the right time. The possible particulars for any object are infinite in number, for unperceived and unphotographed "particulars" are assumed. When these "particulars" are grouped according to their place of origin, they form an object which obeys the laws of physics. On the other hand, when "particulars" are grouped according to their "place of reception," by an eye or any sense-organ, they are known as sensations.

Mr. Russell is doomed to rush into inconsistency, however, once he insists upon his favourite distinction between the real datum of knowledge and mental construction. Such a separation is impossible practically, and is bound to be misleading. The so-called data of knowledge, the pure sensations, are so interwoven with constructions, so conditioned by one's previous groupings of experience, that it is impossible to say what our retinas receive and what we infer. In fact, our past inferences very largely determine what we do see. The attempt to extricate sensation as the only authentic part of knowledge is like trying to take hydrogen out of water and insisting that what we have left is the real water. Our conscious knowledge is necessarily a compound, and each of its elements is so essential that if any one of them is eliminated, what remains is not knowledge, or even observation. If Mr. Russell thinks that he can isolate sensations, it is only because he ignores or fails to recognize the constructions that have already been taken into camp along with them. If, on the other hand, he agrees (and there are places in the book where he seems to agree) that we can never isolate the purely sensational element in a perception so as to catch it in consciousness, he has to admit that such an element is itself known by means of a mental inference. But if mental inferences have already been thrown out of court as not giving us authentic knowledge, his whole argument is founded upon what he has himself already discredited. Since pure sensation is a reality that we can not directly know in conscious experience, and its place in our mental life can only be discovered by constructions and elaborate scientific inferences, we have to take some stock in inferences and constructions or we can not recognize the validity of his testimony on sensations.

[1] "The Analysis of Mind." Bertrand Russell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

What Mr. Russell is aiming at is to present us with the common factor of the physical and the psychical worlds, and he seems to have the feeling that unless he minimizes their unlikenesses their identity will not be as important as he wishes it to be. "Particulars of an object are really the same as sensations of an object, the former being grouped from their place of origin, and the latter from their place of reception." Here we have the common point, the intersection of mind and matter. Admitted, but what does it prove? Unless their essential differences are beclouded, it does not advance us far. Two things may intersect and be as different as day and night, or a knife and a piece of cheese. But even Mr. Russell is forced to point out some rather striking differences. For instance, while objects obey the laws of physics, perceiving, thinking beings obey the laws of "mnemic" causation. By this he means that an organism may act in reference to what is actually no longer, in any physical sense, existent. The burnt child shuns the fire because of other fires of which he has had a previous experience; the past comes to life again to collaborate as it were with the present in the determination of a reaction. While inert things act according to "habits" of a more rigid uniformity, every living organism reacts and thinks in a way that summarizes its own history.

This difference is a dangerous admission for anyone who, by Mr. Russell's method, wishes to close the gap between the mental and physical worlds. Since perceptions are subject to "mnemonic" laws, objects perceived will alter according to our past associations with them, according to the habits, memories, images which they previously tended to form. At what point in this process, then, do we get pure observations, which we can rely upon as nothing but sheer sense impressions, unadulterated by a determining past?

Yet, although the book does not solve the question of the relation of mind and matter, or even approach it from the angle that seems to the present reviewer the most promising, namely: the bio-physical, it is not a volume to be ignored. No one who is interested in the useful consistencies and the capricious privacies of words will want to miss the chapter on "Words and Meaning." No one who cares for subtlety and rhythm in style will count the effort lost. The openness of Mr. Russell's mind is always refreshing, he is eager to redraw his previous conclusions, in deference to the theory of relativity and in the light of behavourist psychology (although he disagrees considerably with its main thesis); and his own hypotheses have a tentativeness and modesty to which a short review can only be unfair.

GERTRUDE BESSE KING.

SHORTER NOTICES.

THE author of "The Red Knight"[1] stems unmistakably from Conrad, the Conrad of "Nostromo" and the tales of political intrigue and lost causes. In this well-knit romance, one has again the old conflict of love and allegiance, fought out amid a stirring action of revolution and secret plotting. Here are, in fact, all the elements of one of Conrad's fine narratives, and Mr. Young gets his story under way with a deliberation and a firm handling of setting and character, which suggest the master. His subsequent manipulation of his materials, while always interesting and frequently stirring, is not quite up to the promise of the early chapters. It appears that the author has erected a structure too intricate for the essentially simple story which he has to tell; the machinery is out of proportion to the needs of the narrative, like a steel crane in the erection of a bungalow. Within the scope of his intention, Mr. Young has done admirable writing; and the fact that he is too lavish in background and somewhat too detailed in his approach to the climax of his tale is, after all, a small demerit in the richness of what he has accomplished. One is sometimes reminded of "The Research Magnificent" in perusing this study of idealism.

L. B.

MR. HERGESHEIMER'S story[1] takes us back to the long-drawn-out agony of the Cuban insurrection of 1868-78. It is narrated in a series of pictures, highly-coloured flashes in a moving panorama, "dissolving fragments of a shining mirage of youth," as they pass before the rapt vision of an ageing man lost in a profound abstraction. There are pictures of fashionable life, careless, idyllic, of a more than Oriental luxuriousness—the presence of toiling slaves in the background is barely intimated; there are episodes of bull-fights and perilous fencing, of Spanish dancing, tempestuous, dazzling, fascinating; there are tense moments of subtle intrigue and brutal violence—all seen through the softening haze of the forty years that have passed. There is fire and passion, but there is also repose and serenity, an artistic restraint, and that magic of suggestion which stamps indelibly upon the mind such figures as that of La Clavel, the Spanish dancer, Pilar de Lima, the Peruvian "white absinthe," Gaspar de Vaca and Caeza Santacilla, the Spanish officers; the native Cubans are but slightly indicated. The change that comes over young Charles Abbott, transforming him from a knight soaring in romantic skies, eager to die in the achievement of an heroic gesture, into a cautious, hardened politician, coldly tempestuous, dazzling, fascinating; there are tense moments imagined and convincingly presented in the course of its successive stages.

H. S.

THERE are probably not more than a half-dozen men in England to-day whose criticism of American life, on first-hand observation, could be relied upon to be as acute, as honest, as free from the cant either of condescension or of blandiloquence as that of Mr. G. K. Chesterton.[2] This is due to several things: to Mr. Chesterton's training as a journalist and observer, to his more than ordinary knowledge of American history and literature, to his essential humility and geniality of mind. It is due perhaps most of all to his sense of the preciousness of diversity and individuality; to his real *flair* for what is national and special as over against what is merely general; to his knowledge that a "sort of imaginative respect, as for something different and even distant, is the only beginning of any attachment between patriotic peoples." All this enables him to see many things that are obscure but important, and to say many things as just as they are witty. He is enabled to detect, for instance, the great paradox of American life—that though America is "the only nation in the world that is founded on a creed," the only thoroughgoing embodiment of eighteenth-century republicanism, it is the one nation in the world where the implications of that creed are most brazenly flouted by the developments of nineteenth-century industrialism. "The reality of modern capitalism is menacing that ideal with terrors and even splendours that might well stagger the wavering and impressionable modern spirit." He is enabled to see and say that "the saloons no longer existed when I was there, owing to the recent reform which restricted intoxicants to the wealthier classes." He misses some things, to be sure—he misses the hardness and violence that lie just beneath the superficial "gaiety and good humour" of our countrymen; and his experiences are set forth in a style which in its fondness for balance, antithesis, alliteration, parallelism—for all the less reputable cosmetics of the prose writer's art—has developed into a kind of euphuism. It may be possible to dismiss Mr. Chesterton as merely an "inspired journalist"; but it is surely possible to feel less regret that his inspiration is devoted to journalism, than gratitude for the fact that his journalism is so uniquely the result of inspiration.

N. A.

[1] "The Red Knight." Francis Brett Young. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.00.

[1] "The Bright Shawl." Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00

[2] "What I saw in America." C. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.00.

A MODERN Archimedes is planning to use solar energy to drive an engine. If his experiment works, society may relax its tension at the thought that the world's coal-supply is limited, and it need not worry at such odd circumstances as the one-and-one-half-cent rise in the price of gasolene on the day of the announcement of the one-million-dollar purchase of French tapestries by Mr. Rockefeller, jun.

The success of this scientific experiment will mean that modern civilization may renew its lease. There is much satisfaction in knowing that our great-grandchildren may enjoy air-flights, landlordism, telephones, protective tariffs and Esperanto, just as we do; and the effort to extend not only the good of to-day but the opportunity for bettering the universe, deserves a grateful response.

Meantime, the demands of the present seem a little more serious than those of posterity. "What has posterity ever done for us?" retorted a perspiring Representative in Congress to his colleague who pleaded for a measure calculated to help future generations. In the light of the past, it is quite possible that as soon as the solar-energy apparatus is perfected a syndicate will secure a monopoly of the sun's rays from the League of Nations, and the result will be merely that we pay toll to another master.

The task of understanding contemporaneous civilization is at least as important as that of perpetuating it. The FREEMAN is the prism which resolves the rays of intellectual light into their separate colours. It makes available the sun of accumulated knowledge for the here and now. If the prism is to be maintained at its maximum of usefulness it must be kept clean and polished. To abandon the metaphor: we need more subscriptions. The FREEMAN, beginning its fourth year to-day, is at the peak of its success, measured by subscriptions as well as by the intangible response. It seeks higher peaks, and it asks you to celebrate its birthday by giving a subscription to a dear friend—or intelligent enemy.

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